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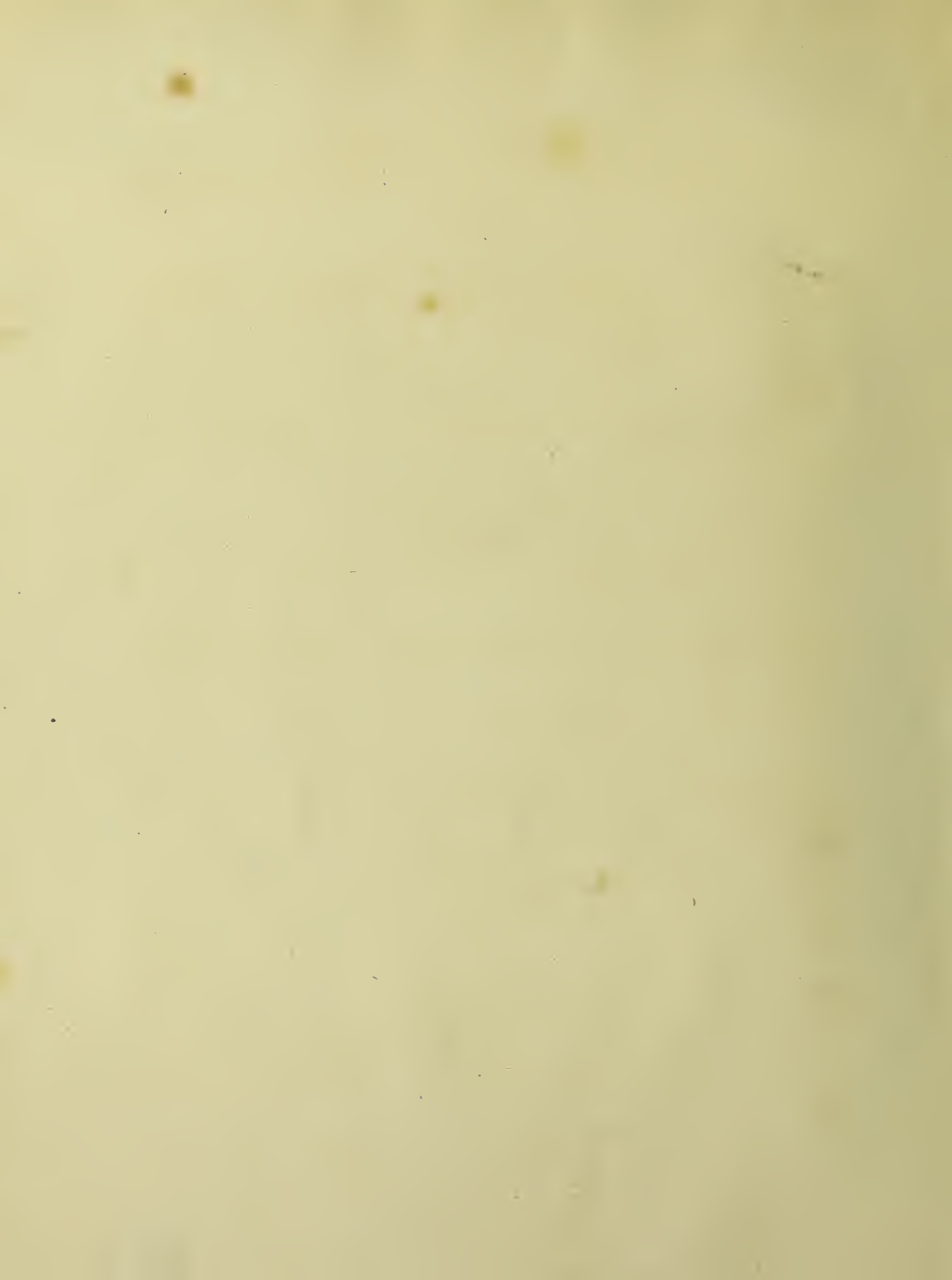
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Memoirs of the Life
OF THE
REV. DR. TRUSLER,
WITH HIS OPINIONS
ON A VARIETY OF INTERESTING SUBJECTS,
AND HIS REMARKS,
THROUGH A LONG LIFE,
ON MEN AND MANNERS,
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

Replete with Humour, Useful Information and Entertaining Anecdote.

Part I.

“Strike—but hear me.”

Plutarch's Life of Themistocles.

BATH: PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN BROWNE, GEORGE-STREET.

1806.

ORIGINAL RECORD

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RECORD OF THE



1895

Memoirs of the Life, &c.

CHAP. I.

Introduction—Nature of the Work—Authorities for the mode in which it is written—Author's birth and name—Humourous account of the Herald's Office—Interview with a Herald—A new Tax pointed out—Droll anecdote of the mode of forming Escutcheons—Descant on the folly of Armorial bearings, with a laughable Anecdote.

HAVING been frequently requested to furnish materials for a sketch of my life, by those who publish biographical accounts, it led me to think seriously of undertaking it myself, conscious that no one can display the motive of a man's actions so well and truly as himself; and when I considered that such a retrospect of one's life is not only useful to ourselves but amusing, I the more readily determined upon it.

There is nothing so much resembles a repetition and living life over again, as to call to mind its various scenes, and all their concomitant circumstances, and by committing them to writing rendering their remembrance more lasting. Though my life has not been a life of iniquity, it has

been, in a great measure, a life of error; and could I as readily repair my errors as acknowledge them and animadvert on them, I might have been a very different man, and in a very different situation of life.—But *Humanum est errare*. Confessing this, it may be a lesson to others.

My chief errors have been the not cultivating that respectable acquaintance, which chance threw in my way; and a too ready resentment of injuries; both which experience have long taught me the folly of. But these have arisen more from a natural defect in disposition, want of self-confidence, and a proud spirit that could never brook indignity, than from want of philanthropy. I was always fearful of not being so well received, as I could wish; perhaps fancied an inattention, where no inattention was designed: and though my nature has been irritable, the irritation soon subsided: I could forgive as quickly as resent, and the injury was forgotten. I have to thank God, that my resentments extended no further than reserve; and I sincerely forgive any enemy I may have had, and owe no ill will to any one.

When a man sits down to delineate his own history, he should be free from self-love and vanity, and devoid of prejudice. If what he has to communicate, be such as will amuse, inform and improve; if his knowledge of the world and experience in life, be such as will instruct and be a benefit to others, it may be worth attention; but, in laying this before the public, he should adhere strictly to truth. Mr. Gray, the poet, says Horace Walpole, has often observed to me, and with justice, that if any man was to form a book of what he has seen and heard himself; this alone *must*, in *whatever* hands, prove a most useful and entertaining one.

Most men are eager to read the observations of a public man, made in his walk through life; and to these I have confined myself; not conceiving that any one can be anxious to know the trifling occurrences of a life, chiefly spent in retirement. But, in my remarks on men and manners,

I have endeavoured to entertain; knowing, with the ingenious Farquhar, that, to make the moral instructive, the story should be made diverting.

In my observations on matters that occurred, I have followed Mr. Archdeacon Paley's mode, that of bringing forward the result of *my own* reasoning and reflections, and enforcing them by the opinions of *others*, not immediately taken from the authors themselves, but what I have in the course of my reading committed to memory. Had I been inclined to have given the authors' names in whose writings I met them, I should have found it difficult; at least, to have done it with sufficient correctness, so as to have rendered every one his due; and probably I may have clothed their thoughts in a new dress. I have heard a good writer say, that when he sat down to compose, he found himself much embarrassed by the acuteness of his memory; the opinions and language of *others* having so intruded upon his mind, that he could scarce disentangle them from his *own*. Where authorities are to be relied on, their names ought to be produced; and where discoveries have been made in science, it would be unjust to borrow the invention, without acknowledging the author; but in a work like this, which admits no place for discovery or invention, and in which all that belongs to a writer, is his mode of reasoning; it would be only swelling the work unnecessarily and interrupting the narrative, to perplex it with notes.

As to language, the reader must expect nothing more than plain easy narrative, unvarnished. Pedantry is my abhorrence, and to dress up common matter in a scientific robe would be ridiculous. I write to *entertain*, not to *perplex*; and such readers as admire no stile, but what is studied and formal will be here disappointed. Many in order to be thought elegant writers, refine upon language, and labour each sentence so much as to render it difficult to be comprehended, loading it with abstracted reasoning,

terms of science and far-fetched allegory. All language should be adapted to its subject-matter.

‘A writer of memoirs,’ says Dr. Blair, in his *Rhetoric*, ‘may talk freely of himself and may descend into the most familiar anecdotes; what is chiefly required of him is to be sprightly and interesting, and especially, that he informs us of things useful and curious, and that he conveys to us some sort of knowledge worth the acquiring. It is from seemingly trivial circumstances, that we often receive most light into the real character.’ This has been my study to do in the following pages, but not with any great attention to chronological order, such not being necessary.

Half my time has been employed in study: I have been a writer all my life: necessity more than inclination, in my early years, drew me forth to the notice of the public, and to this public I bow with deference and gratitude.

I was born in London, in July 1735, and am the elder son of reputable parents, though in business; I may indeed say the *only* son, my brother dying when a youth. My family, on my father’s side, I know very little of, except that they were industrious and virtuous.

The name of *Trusler*, I am told, is of Swiss extraction, (or perhaps of *no* extraction), and there being scarce any of this name in England seems to favour the report. It was originally spelt *Treslaur*, and corrupted by time, (having no pedigree to boast of) into *Truslaer* and *Trusler*. The anonymous author of a *Comparative View between Great Britain and France*, published in 1768, enumerates, in that work, a number of French authors, and with these some few of Switzerland; among others we find a *Truslaer*.

Being requested by a friend, in the year 1758, to apply to the Herald's Office, in London, for the coat of arms belonging to his family, and wishing at the same time to know something of my own, I took that opportunity of searching, to find out, if possible, whether there were any armorial bearings annexed to my name; from a conception then, that my father's ancestors were of this country. No such name as mine was to be found in their books, nor any name like it, a kind of corroboration of our foreign extraction. Seeming surprised at this, and asking the Herald (a youth) what he thought of it, his reply savoured of his profession, that is, enobling or disenobling: however, whether his answer was professional or not, it was not the retort courteous. He said I was probably of the *mushroom* tribe: conscious that I am the offspring of a day, I felt no resentment. In order to make some atonement for his rough reply, this sprig of heraldry told me that it was in his power to enoble me, and that at much less expence, than if done by the Sovereign. For the small sum of forty pounds, continued he, I can make you out a coat of arms, and ally you to some of the first families in this kingdom. I smiled and said, that not being ambitious of adscititious honors, I would neither give forty pounds nor forty pence for the best and most honorable distinctions which the College of Heralds could bestow; and that when I wanted a coat of arms, I could make one myself. He gave me to understand that the College had furnished arms for many persons of late, and though there are numbers who ransack all their connections for court-interest, and expend considerable sums to be *dubbed* gentlemen; the Heralds, on the first application, always conferred that honor for about forty pounds. Let me tell you, said he, it is forty pounds *well* laid out—a good *coat* of arms is a warm covering, and adds more to a man's consequence than any coat he wears. Forming a coat yourself, continued he, and wearing any arms not sanctioned by the College, is punishable in the Marshall's court. The Earl Marshall formerly held visitations, from time to time, throughout the kingdom, when an inquiry was made into assumed arms, and other borrowed badges of distinction; and if any person was found, that used armorial bearings which did not belong to him, or assumed a title.

he had no pretensions too, he was brought forth into the market-place, on market-day, placed upon a stool and there made to disclaim all title to gentility :—What *has been*, said this man of office, *may be* again, and if you are wise, you will never attempt to take any shield or arms, that is not first authorised by this College.

I heard of a Burgo-master, in Holland, who wore all the English orders by turns, considering them as ornamental dress ;—was a Englishman to do the same, who is to punish him for his folly, if his own mind does not ? Though I believe there is some punishment annexed to it,—possibly it may be considered as a misdemeanor. When Mingotti, the Italian singer, was in this country, she frequently performed the parts of men, and, after the opera was over used to meet many of the musical performers, at the Prince of Orange's Coffee-House, in the Haymarket. She then and there instituted, what she called the Order of the Lyre, confined it to twelve members of that club, presented each with a gold lyre to hang at the button-hole, and swore them in, *in her way*, always to wear it. Giardini was one ; Pasquali, another ; and Storace, the father of the late composer, a third. To shew its use, in one respect, I was in company with the latter at Harrow, when the arrow was shot for, and the croud was so great, that I could no way get within the ring, but the instant Storace came forward, who was an Italian, and his order discovered,—‘ Make way there,’ was the word, they took him for a foreign minister ; the people opened right and left, and we had free admission :—so much for appearances !

The State now has, in some measure, put a negative upon assumed arms, by obliging those, who use any armorial bearings, to pay annually for a licence so to do ; availing itself of the pride and folly of the wealthy. But, as in the act for licencing persons to sport, the licence does not exempt a man from the penalty of the game-laws, who is unqualified to carry a gun ; so the licence to use armorial bearings does not authorise any one to wear such as are not sanctioned by the College of Heralds.

There cannot, I conceive, be a more proper tax. Was a tax likewise to be put upon sealing wax, these men of arms would still use it, with the greatest profusion; for their letters are often half blazoned over, with their mantles and shields impressed upon wax.

I did not dislike the oddity of this king at arms, and asked him what mode was generally pursued, to make out a new coat. He answered, *various*; such as taking part of the escutcheon of any family, whose name had one syllable the same as, or similar to, that of the *gentleman* that was to be; or by giving some device emblematical of any thing, either he or his ancestors were renowned for. In short, this conversation brought to my recollection the following story, which will illucidate the plan at once.

A man applies to the College for a coat of arms, and was asked if any of his ancestors had been renowned for any singular atchievement?—The man paused and considered—but could recollect nothing.—‘Your father?’ said the herald, aiding his memory,—‘Your grand-father?’—‘Your great grand-father?’—‘No,’ returns the applicant,—‘I never knew that I *had* a great grand-father, or a grand-father.’—‘Of yourself?’, asks this creator of dignity.—‘I know nothing remarkable of *myself*,’ returned the man, ‘only that being once locked up in Ludgate prison for debt, I found means to escape from an upper window; and that you know is no honor in a man’s ‘scutcheon.’—‘And how did you get down?’ said the herald, ‘Odd enough, retorts the man, ‘I procured a cord, fixed it round the neck of the statue of King Lud, on the outside of the building, and thus let myself down.’—‘I *have* it’—said the herald—‘No honor?’—‘*Lineally descended from King Lud!*—and *his* coat of arms will do for *you*.—I wish many of our great men were as well descended.’—

I must not be asked where I met with this story, or with any other that may be found in these pages: some are new, some are old. I have commit-

ted them to paper as they occurred, and whether they are to be found in Joe Miller, or any other facetious recorder, is immaterial, so they enliven and illucidate the subject I am upon.

My reader must consider this work as the composition of a dramatic poet, which, as Dryden observes, is like that of a gunsmith or a watchmaker ; the iron and silver is not his own, but these are the least part of that which gives the value, it lying wholly in the workmanship, and making up.— And he who works dully on a story, is no more to be accounted a good poet, than a gunsmith of Birmingham, or a watchmaker of Sheffield, are to be compared to the best workmen in town.

Liveries and armorial bearings Government seems to have well managed : allowing even every tradesman, as Dr. Moore facetiously observes, to load his footmen with as rich liveries, and emblazon his arms as far abroad, as the vanity of the master exacts and his purse can afford. Accordingly we cannot pass through the Metropolis, without seeing on the carriages of Grocers, Brewers, Bricklayers, Contractors, and Cheesemongers, as many helmets, shields and spears, as were in Godfrey's army at the siege of Jerusalem.

There are indeed some mortified relicts and descendants of nobility, who lament, as a grievous abuse, that the carriages which ' drag the aukward offspring of the bloated garbage of the city,' to a ball or feast, at the mansion-house, should have the insolence to lock wheels with them, and be permitted to be as richly blazoned and as much admired by the ignorant, as those which convey the most ancient, and of course, in their opinion, the purest blood of the realm to St. James's. It is no doubt afflicting to the pride of a few honorable personages, both male and female, who, though they differ in *sex*, may not in *feeling* : but they may console themselves in the idea, that these rich citizens, are more at a loss how to *enjoy* their fortune, than they were how to *acquire* it : for it is well known that riches and enjoyment are not always coupled together ;

if they were, the Royal Exchange of London, would at a certain hour, every day, comprehend more happiness than the most extensive and best cultivated province in the world; which, from the many anxious and vacant faces there seen, we are led to believe is not the case.

To allow a free participation of the enjoyment of life, whether it be in heraldry or not, to every British subject at a reasonable price, seems equitable; and that this simple badge of distinction *does* afford pleasure to some; even after their age, conscience and constitution have interdicted them from other pleasures, abundance of examples might be given.

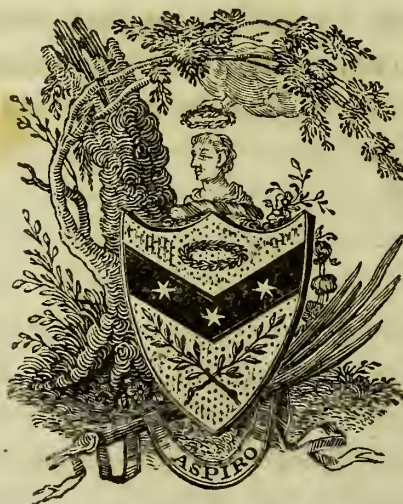
But, when we consider the bearings or devices, the crests and mottos which some men have adopted, and how little they correspond with their history, their characters and actions, we cannot but smile at their vanity.

It reminds me of Moore's Taylor, who having got a fortune by his profession set up a coach, and to humour his wife, who was anxious to have a coat of arms upon the pannels, ordered a pair of expanded sheers, as a warlike emblem, (for he was a volunteer) and took for his motto *vincere aut mors*; i. e. Conquest or Death: and having been told that the motto did not allude to his coat of arms, he determined to give the whole a greater correspondence, by adding, as supporters, a lion and a dead man; saying, that the one, being the most powerful beast of the forest bore a strong affinity to *vincere*, and the dead man to *mors*.

CHAP. II.

The Trusler's Arms with a Cut—Various anecdotes of assumed Titles—Ludicrous mode of taking a Bachelor's Degree, at Cambridge—Knighting the Candidate—Anecdotes of a Knight of the Bath, Lords Pembroke and Ligonier—Remarks on Titles and Independance.

AS the visitations of the Earl Marshall seem to be in disuse, I have ventured to make a Coat of Arms for myself; and that it may not, in course of time, give any dignity to my family, but what it derives from *me*, I will here make it public: probably it will not be found, hereafter, in the College of Heralds—no matter—I have registered it in this volume, and not having purloined any part of it, from any family, now existing, trust I shall not be arraigned for adopting it; nor have I any dread of being compelled myself, or of any of my posterity being compelled publicly to disclaim their title to any gentility; deriving none but what they draw from *my profession and education*.



It is a shield, *d'or*, with a chevron inverted, *gules*, enriched with three stars, *argent*. Below the chevron are two slips of laurel, *vert*, with two slips wreathed into a crown above: the crest, a hand crowning a head with laurel, from the clouds—the motto, *Aspiro*, i. e. *I aspire* to the wreath. The three laurels, *Tres lauri*, are certainly applicable to my name and profession.—Could the Herald's make a better, or one that if coloured and blazoned forth would have a better effect?

A chevron inverted, they say, is a badge of degradation. Be it so, It answered my purpose in the better formation of the escutcheon; but if no more disgrace is attached to it than *I* have given it—I can have nothing to fear.

Assumed titles, as well as assumed arms, have been far from uncommon, even in this age. Why were the late Lord Carnarthen's children, called *Lords*, in his life time, he being himself only a titular Marquis, his father then living?—Because the Marquis *willed* it so. An intimate friend of mine asked him, why he so called them? His answer was, It has been customary in my family.—Why was the late Duke of Bedford, and his brother, called *Lords*, sons only of the titular Marquis of Tavistock, who died before his father?—Because, during their minority, an act of parliament passed to settle some part of the Bedford estate upon them, and they, in that bill, were stiled *Lord John* and *Lord William Russel*, and the King signing this bill, say they, thus sanctioned the titles they assumed.—Why was the late Lord Robert Manners, who was killed in an engagement at sea, the son of the titular Marquis of Granby, so called?—Because his brother, the late Duke of Rutland asked the King's leave to introduce him, at the levee, as *Lord Robert*;—the King smiling, said, he might introduce him by what name he pleased.—Why is Mr. Knollis called Earl of Banbury, and his son, Lord Wallingford?—Because Lady Banbury, in the year 1632, when the title became extinct, married Lord Vaux, who assumed the title of Banbury,

and the family have continued it ever since, but without any other reason, or any seat in the House of Peers.

Why was the late Sir John Hill, and Sir William Chambers so called?—Because they were Chevaliers, Knights of the Wheat Sheaf in Sweden. By parity of reason might old Taylor, the oculist, have called himself Sir John Taylor, and Baron Dimsdale, Lord Dimsdale.—Why did Gallini, the Italian dancer, call himself Sir John? Because he gave two guineas, as it is said, for a dormant patent of a military chevalier, sold by an old priest, the Pope. For the like good reason might Count Tenducci, a late Italian singer, have called himself Lord Tenducci, because he was made a Count Palatine, which is a University Degree abroad.—I could mention more instances of a similar kind. As well may all Bachelors of Art, in our Universities, place *Sir* before their names, being knighted by the Vice-Chancellor, in the act of homage, prior to their examination in the schools.—The Chancellor addresses the candidate for the degree, who is on his knees before him, in the following words: *Auctoritate nobis commissâ, te admittimus ad respondentem questionem*; that is, By the authority committed to us, we admit you to answer the question. Then bidding him rise, he says, *Surge Domine T——*, or whatever his surname may be, *i. e.* Rise up Sir T——, and the Bachelor is so called during his residence in the University, till he has taken his degree of *Magister Artium*, when he is called *Master*. With equal propriety might I, who have been admitted to such a degree, call myself Sir Trusler, or Sir John Trusler, as many who have given themselves other titles.

This mode of conferring a degree, was a well-intended institution, but corrupted and abused, as many others are. A young man pursuing his course of studies at College, for a certain number of years, with a College certificate, of good character and abilities, is admitted, by the Chancellor, to answer any question that an inquirer may propose to him, in the public schools; which if he answers pertinently and pro-

perly, his degree is ratified; but these well-ordered measures are not only abused at the present day, but ridiculed and laughed at. The candidate for a Bachelor's degree, is directed to give the maid-servant of the master of the College to which he belongs, half-a-crown, for a paper of pins, (at least it was so at Emanuel, when I was at the University, in 1754,) which he takes with him to the Senate-house, where these candidates, from every College, are assembled for three days, and where they wait for some hours, each day, subject to be examined as to their proficiency in learning, by any Master of Arts present. Whilst there waiting, they amuse themselves, on the benches, at push-pin. Some few are examined in classical and mathematical knowledge, but scarce one in ten, and these only, pointed out, as young men, who can stand the test.

After being admitted by the Chancellor, to answer the question, the graduate is hurried away to the schools, where a Fellow of his own College, being appointed his father for the day, gets up into one rostrum and the young man into an opposite one. Here the question is to be asked in Latin, the supposed determination of the moment. When this is actually the case, if the respondent presumes to give any rational answer, or indeed any other than *Nescio*, i. e. I don't know, and as much as to say, I don't care; he is thumped about by his fellow-candidates, (with which the room is full and in riot), with cushions or their caps, and is pulled perhaps headlong from the rostrum, and his gown almost torn off his back, for his presumption, possibly, in arraigning the ignorance of others. Thus, if the father says, *Mi fili, Domine T———, Quid est Sobrietas?* i. e. My son, Sir T———, what is Sobriety? the other, if he has no witty reply to make, answers *nescio*; but, if the respondent wishes to excite a laugh, he will, by concerting this with his father, before he enters the schools, request him to ask him a certain question, to which he has prepared perhaps a smart reply; and which being conceived to be off-hand, sets the whole place in a roar. Sometimes it is the spur of the moment. One young man, I recollect, who had a chew of tobacco in his mouth,

and whom his opponent meant to rebuke for his indecorum, was asked, *Quid est Hoc?* pointing to the mouth, i. e. What is this? the other replied, by pointing to his own mouth, *Hoc est Quid*, happily reversing the words, This is a *Quid*.—But another stupid lad, hearing this, and seeing the uncommon applause it met with, when it came to his turn, prepared himself with a small bell, and requested his father to ask him, *Quod est Tintinabulum?* i. e. What is a little bell? to which the other replied, pulling the bell from his pocket and tinkling it, *Hoc est*, i. e. This is.—To such low puerilities is the sacred learning of our Universities reduced! And yet it is said—that no reform is wanting.—But to return,

I knew a Clergyman, a Mr. Pearsal, who having got possession of a small estate, was determined to create himself a baronet, and the method he pursued was this. He searched the Herald's Office, in hopes of finding an extinct baronetage of his own name, or more properly speaking, of finding the name of some person, like his own, who had been a baronet, but whose title was extinct. No such could he find, but there was a name something like his own, *Peshell*. He adopted this, with his own christian name, and ever after wrote himself Sir John Peshell. On the death of this man, his son purchased an ensign's commission, called himself Sir John, as his father had done before him, which commission being signed by the King, he considered it as a Creation, ordered his name into the red-book, and has ranked as a baronet ever since. For whether it be done by the sign manual of the *pen*, or of the *sword*, is of little moment; nay the former is most eligible; it can always be produced in perpetual testimony of the fact, whereas the latter mode of knighthood, lives only in the remembrance.

I do not censure this gentleman—if respect in life adds to our happiness, as it certainly does; and if men are looked up to in proportion to the appearance they make; a person, in my opinion, is no more to be censured for wearing a title, than a silk coat or a diamond ring.—It may

be called vanity, but it is a harmless one.—Indeed the vanity of this man is not more arraignable than that of others, who make great interest to obtain a title, and pay a considerable sum for it. When titles are not the reward of public services, they are of no more value, than in proportion to the money they cost.

Kings, says Rochefaucault, make men as they make money, then give them what value they please, and we are forced to receive them, according to their currency, not according to their real value.

“Titles—are the Servile Courtiers’ *lean* reward,
Sometimes the pay of virtue, but more oft
The hire which Greatness gives to Slaves and Sycophants.”

Rowe.

The Duke of Norfolk; Earl Marshall, as soon as he had read his recantation and was empowered to act, in order to prevent any future purloining of dignity in the mode described; published a declaration in the Gazette, saying, that no commissions would be made out to persons giving in their names at the War-office, with titles annexed, unless the party first proved and justified his claim to such title; for it was then become a stale trick.

If men, as Tom Paine says, were to consider their own dignity as *men*, they would spurn at titles, and look on them as nick-names. Titles and orders, tis true, are harmless things, but they produce a kind of foppery in the human character, that degrades it; talking about its *blue ribband*, like a girl, and shewing its new *garter*, like a child.

I was once in company with a friend, a nobleman, to whom the King had just given the red ribband. He was then confined to his room with illness, that soon after brought him to his grave; but still he wore the

ribband over his waistcoat, under his flannel gown. The Marquis of Lothian, who has the green ribband, and whom I shall have occasion to mention hereafter, coming to see him, the first thing my friend noticed was the mode in which Lord Lothian wore his ribband, which was hung so loose, that he could put his hand into his bosom above it. Ill as he was, and scarce able to speak, and when his thoughts should naturally have been on more serious matters, he eagerly inquired how long the fashion had been to wear the ribband in that manner, and was not easy till he had so disposed his own.—He did not survive this two months. Such effect has foppery even on a mind ill disposed to receive it !

In order to shew how much this bauble is coveted, even by men of rank and fortune, I cannot withstand relating another anecdote, in which I was a party concerned.

Soon after the present Countess Dowager of Pembroke, was made a lady of the Queen's bed-chamber, and some time after the late Earl had been dismissed, as Lord Lieutenant of the County of Wilts, for not voting with the Minister; I was in company with him and some other noblemen, and one of the gentlemen present, asking his Lordship when he was to have the blue ribband, which had long been promised him; he, with some degree of mortification, pettishly replied, that he supposed he never *should* have it. This disconcerted the inquirer, and a silence ensued, which, I, smiling, broke, with a 'well my Lord, and suppose you never *do* have it?—What then?—Don't you think that the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery standing unadorned, on his own basis, is a more exalted character, than if raised by kingly favor, and decked out with the trappings of a court?'—'What do you mean,' said he, 'to infer from that?'—'That you are now an *independent* man,' replied I.—'Be assured, my Lord, you was far more respectable in the eyes of the world, after your dismissal from the Lieutenancy of Wilts, than since your Lady has taken the bed-chamber:—and why?—because you were

considered as *independent*.' 'I beg your pardon,' said his Lordship, 'Independence is a fine word, in the mouth of an idealist, but there is no such thing in existence. I defy you to shew me an independent man.'—'You see one before you, my Lord,' said I, 'I am an independent man, as far as independence goes.'—'Then' retorts he, a little vexed, 'you are a *poor* independent man.'—'Not so,' rejoined I,—'I have more money than sufficient at present to supply my wants, and if I find any falling off in my resources, I will abridge those wants and preserve my independence, at the expence of my gratifications.' He smiled, and said, I was a happy man and hoped I should continue so.

Such are the depraved and mistaken notions of our nobility, that they would not only accept the office of Groom of the Stole, but Groom of the *Stool*, if such an office there was, and if a salary of £1,000 a year was annexed to it. I call this servility nothing less than idol-worship, and the most favorable construction that can be put on it. It cannot be want of money, in some; but want of pride, true pride, the pride of *greatness*. Let our nobility look back to the life of the late young Duke of Bedford. — No slave was he, — no minion to a court, — he stood alone, like a colossal statue, unsupported, unadorned, braving the adverse winds of corruption, and casting his benign influence all around him! — on an object of veneration whilst he lived, and of public honours, when he died!

"Can Place, or lessen us or aggrandize?
Pygmies are pygmies still, tho' perch'd on Alps;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself;
Virtue alone out-builds the pyramids;
Her monuments shall last, when Egypt's fall."

YOUNG.

I remember hearing Field-Marshal Earl Ligonier say, that when he was upon a visit to the Duke of Devonshire, at Chatsworth, in Derby-

shire who was then Lord Chamberlain, the Duke took him round his domain, and asked him what he thought of it?—‘Think of it?’ said the Marshal, ‘I think, that if I was the possessor of this place, with your Grace’s fortune, nothing would tempt me to carry a wand before the king!’—This was the nobleman who received the indignity of a blow from George II!

Money does not constitute riches. He who has all he wants, is rich without money. A man who can live within his income, however circumscribed that income is, may be an independent man, in the sense I understand it, that of being his own master, and obliged to no one: whereas, if he exceeds his income, and encumbers himself with debts, he must, at times, be in a very servile situation; when it is in the power of any one of his tradesmen to lock him up, and abridge him of his liberty: if they forbear, he owes them obligations. Rousseau carried this spirit of independence further. Though poor, and compelled to maintain himself by writing music, he refused a pension from the kings of England and of France.—Madame Pompadour, wishing to benefit him in his own way, sent him some music to copy, and when done, a draft for 300 louis-d’ors,—Rousseau took a few shillings, the price of his labor, and returned the rest.—Rousseau was a *philosopher*.—He had a spirit too great to brook obligation.

With the generality of people riches afford more enjoyment in their parade, than in possessing them. That men may be thought rich, they dress expensively, furnish their houses costly, and lay out large sums of money in articles beyond the reach of other people; the value of an object, with them, consisting more in its scarcity than its utility, and they are often simple enough to imagine, that a low-priced article is of no value.—No wonder then tradesmen endeavour to profit by their folly, and make them pay dearly, as I shall hereafter shew, for what they purchase! And yet they shut their eyes to these glaring truths, and suffer by their

blindness. *Qui vult decipere, decipiatur.*—If men *will* be deceived—be it so.

As to titles and orders, they are supposed to give strangers pre-eminence at foreign courts, and to be a kind of introduction at ours; they entitle men to ask for appointments. — And what of this? So thought the simple savages of Johanna, in the East-Indies. When the English were there, by way of merriment, they gave the Indians a variety of British titles, according to their supposed stations; and when Sir William Jones was coasting that island, the frigate, he was in, was soon crouded with canoes, full of natives of all ranks, from the high-born chief, who washed linen, to the half naked slave, who only paddled the canoe, and the deck presently swarmed with *Lords*, *Dukes*, and *Princes*, importuning for presents and robbing the vessel. Though savages, they were too sensible to be proud of empty sounds; yet they foolishly imagined, as we do, that these ridiculous appendages would give them distinction, by attracting notice, and produce for them something of consequence.—Nay, one of them having a star of the order of the Thistle, begged Sir William to explain the motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit*, and finding it to imply that ‘No one should molest the wearer unpunished,’ expressed a wish that the order might be conferred on him by the King of England, in return for his good offices to the English; but being told by Sir William, that there was more true dignity and security in their own native titles, than in those of *Prince*, *Duke*, and *Lord*, which had been idly given them, and which were nothing better than nick-names, or in any childish order whatever; he spurned the idea, as a sensible man would.—Says Trincalo to Stephano, in Shakespere’s *Tempest*, ‘I will be *King*, and you shall be my *Viceroy*,’—over whom?—over themselves—for *there was not another person on the Island*.—So much for pre-eminency and titles!—And, as thought the simple savages of Johanna, so think our court-parasites,—they consider themselves almost *invulnerable* and safe, under protection of their orders and titles—(from what?—from bailiffs and ar-

rests? Horrid!—) and conceive these distinctive appellations, a sufficient passport for being *state-beggars* and *plunderers* of their fellow-citizens.

When titles are bestowed, except for essential services done to the state, they are *ill-bestowed*; they are rather the badges of *dishonor* than of *honor*, and reflect discredit on the bestower. The King is called the Fountain of honor, our Constitution having given him the bestowal of rewards, to those who merit them; but when they are given, on any other consideration, than merit, the power is abused and the spring is muddled.

To shew the opinion of the Portuguese respecting them, a high-minded nobleman, of that country, whenever conversing with a noble of Castile, though inferior in rank to himself, he always complimented him with a higher title than his own; and on being asked his reason for so doing, by one he thus complimented, replied, that all titles were indifferent to *him*, so that, in the application of them, a Portuguese was distinguished from a Castilian. I have known some who have refused a title, and some who have dropped even those they had.

Holland gives no titles, America gives none, and France has disowned them. Nobility there is done away, and the Peer is exalted into *Man*. When we see then men of the lowest origin, ennobled only on venal claims, we must acknowledge the propriety of Tom Paine's pun, that nobility of the present day, is merely *no-ability*, and that the *Nobles* thus coined, are *counterfeits*.

CHAP. III.

Anecdote of a Covetous Man—Two extraordinary Phenomena—Author's family; Placed at Westminster School—at Marybone School—The fastidious pride of the people, with droll Anecdotes—Great Men have no Friends—Folly of their ideal greatness—Anecdote of the Duke of Somerset and Dr. Ratcliffe—Mauvaise honte, what—Laughable anecdote on the infection of Pride.

BUT to speak of myself; my mother's name was *Webb*, and in her family were many clothiers, in the county of Wilts, in which manufactory, some had acquired a good fortune. She was cousin-german to Philip Carteret Webb, Esq. solicitor of the Treasury, and member of Parliament many years for the borough of Haselmire in Surry; but as I received no *benefit* from any to whom I have been allied, and very little *credit*, I shall say no more of them, than that those who were rich, loved their money too well, to part with it to any of their relations.

The most wealthy of the family, Benjamin Webb, Esq. of Devizes, being left executor to his son, a bachelor, who lived under the same roof with him, (and who bequeathed to an aunt of mine, one thousand pounds; five hundred to be paid six days after his funeral) carried his love of money so far, that he would not bury this son, but kept him six months above ground, supported, in his coffin, on a pair of tressels standing in his hall, through which he passed ten times a day; where the body would have continued 'till the old Man's death, had not the parish threatened him with a prosecution. This son was of the sect of Baptists, who baptize by immersion at full years, and being of a weak habit of body, the ceremony had never taken place, of course the parish-officers deemed him to be no Christian, and would not suffer him 'to sleep

with his fathers' in the parish Church-yard, 'till the old gentleman purchased the privilege, by a gift of £50 to the poor. Thus will bribes do away even *religious* scruples! This old man would have left his property to the King, if his Majesty would have accepted it. In his will he left £50 to the parish, on condition he was suffered to be buried by his son. He was so much disesteemed in his own neighbourhood, that, whenever he appeared in the town, half a dozen shopmen jumped from behind their counters with besoms kept there for the purpose, and swept the street before him, that he might see to pick up a bit of old iron, a nail, &c. that might lay before him. This mark of public insult, with others of a similar tendency, I shall have occasion to speak more of hereafter.

This old gentleman had a nephew who died before him, and whose effects he took possession of under bond-securities, would not administer that he might not be liable to the debts, and I was called upon near 60 years after this nephew's death (a very uncommon thing) as the nearest relation, to take out letters of administration, in order to convey some houses mortgaged to him, and without which a good title, on the sale of them, could not be made.

My father was proprietor of the public gardens, at Marybone, had ambition enough to keep good company, and though not a rich man brought me up in the line of a gentleman. Fortune he could not give, — education he did not spare. He reasoned thus: If talents create distinction, it is in favor of *learning*, — a good statesman — a good warrior may defend his country from invasion, and preserve it in a progressive state of peace and quiet; a good artist or mechanic, may gratify the taste and luxuries of his fellow-creatures, — but he who excels in learning and science, improves his mind, enlightens his ideas, and makes himself as useful to society, as his nature will admit of; it renders him happy in the worst of times; and as no man can rob him of it, he has it in his power to immortalize his name by his works. All other things considered

therefore and equal, a man of *learning* has the manifest pre-eminence of every other.

But say, What is learning without genius ? — It requires not genius to get forward in life. Those who have it are, no doubt, peculiarly blessed ; but men of moderate talents, if well directed and applied, may acquit themselves in sundry arts and professions with applause, and benefit to themselves and society. Cicero says, ‘ that without some degree of divine inspiration, no man was ever great.’ I do not hold with this doctrine. It is no presumption to suppose that Heaven may and *does* endow certain individuals with superior talents, in order to effect and bring about certain purposes ; but to say that *no* man can shine in society, but with splendid talents, is idle and erroneous. Genius is to be met with every where, in all classes of life, and wherever it takes root, it is likely to flourish ; but, if it lies uncultivated, it is buried.

“ Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country’s blood.”

GRAY.

Let no man then despair. It is not necessary that every seamen should be versed in navigation, or every soldier in military tactics — each may acquit himself with honor, if he performs the duty assigned him. — I doubt whether the chief offices of the state would not be better performed by men of *common* abilities, than by those of *splendid* talents ; the latter are generally too quick, too volatile, too adventurous, and too unstable to be much relied on ; whereas the other in a regular, plodding routine of business, acts with more regularity and greater certainty. I have remarked that the best mechanics are the least industrious ; the best artists the most unsteady, and men of the best intellectual abilities, least to be depended on. They strike off suddenly like the tangent of a circle, and cannot be brought into their orbits by attraction or gravity. — They often act with such eccentricity, as to be lost in

the vortex of their own reveries. Brilliant talents in general are like the *Ignes fatui*, they excite wonder, but often mislead.

'Till I was nine years of age, I lived at the Devizes, and in this year I beheld a phenomenon, which though so young, made such an impression on my mind that it has never been effaced. On a hot summer's day, about noon, a very heavy dark cloud came over my head, so low, as to strike my notice; whilst I was considering of it, it burst, (if I may so unphilosophically express myself) and appeared like a large sheet, flapped out at length, as if a person had held it by the two upper corners and shook it. This was instantly followed with a very heavy, tremendous storm of rain.

Another phenomenon I was witness of, about thirty years after, this was the visible effect of a rainbow. Standing at a shop-door, the corner of Coleman-street, in Lothbury, London, which is a very narrow street, during a heavy thunder-storm, and looking against the opposite house, one end of the bow seemed to pass from the heavens, and proceed down the front of the house in such brilliancy, quite to the ground, as induced me to cross the way, even in the rain, and put my leg into the reflection, when I perceived all the colours on my stocking. This I can philosophically account for; it arose from the peculiar position of my eyes, and the falling rain, for no two persons actually see the same bow; but I have never observed a similar thing since. The other phenomenon, I have mentioned, cannot be so well accounted for, it might be fancy, or a *deceptio visus*.

In my tenth year, I was sent to Westminster School, where I was cotemporary with, and known to, a number of gentlemen, some of whom have since been pleased to recognize me; namely the Earl of Harcourt, the late Duke of Leeds, Lord Hotham, the late Earl of Northampton, Lord George Lenox, and others. Had I continued longer than six years at Westminster, I might have grown up more in this

acquaintance, but reversing the general rule of sending boys from a private to a public school, my father, residing at Marybone, removed me, for convenience, from a public to a private one. I was taken at fifteen years of age from Westminster, and placed at Mr. Fountaine's, at Marybone, the then fashionable seminary for young gentlemen of rank and fortune. Many of the nobility, now living, (1806) will be able to go along with me in what I shall say of this school. It was the nursery of great part of our young men of fashion, but I was well received among them, and if the idea of school-fellow can endear men to each other, I might, from my connexions there, have expected to have been ushered into more exalted life; but it was not to be, and perhaps I am not the less happy.

His Grace the present Duke of Buccleugh, was so attached to me, that when I quitted school, for the University, he blubbered at parting, as if his heart would break, — but some few years after, when the pride of rank had fastened on him with her talons, and warped him, ere he was twenty years of age; on my meeting with him in company with a friend, and introducing myself to him, he scarce deigned to know me, and on my reminding him of the scene of our parting, when I last saw him, he turned round to this friend and smiled with a kind of contempt. I was, like him, at that time young and I must own that I felt it, but since I have learned the ways of mankind, — nothing of this kind would wound me.

There is no correcting the pride and fastidiousness of the people; it commences early in life, and grows with their age. Some boast of their birth, others of the antiquity of their family, some of their rank, others of their learning; some of their wealth, some of their connexions, and others of the country in which they are born. Of the two nations now united to the English empire, though the Scotch exceed the Irish in learning, I scarce know which of the two has most pride. — An *ignorant* Scotch Laird, one of the *Mac's*, bred in the Highlands,

conversing with an Irish gentleman of the family of the O's, remarkable for his brogue, said, 'It is a peety, Chield, that you winna born with us in the Heelands, for your Coontry is a disgrace to your toongue;' — to whom the Irishman quickly retorted; 'Fait and you may say that too — my *country* may be a disgrace to my *tongue*, but, on my conscience, Honey, your *tongue* is a disgrace to your *country*.'

I will say but little more on this subject, merely remarking that usurping of dignity is a never-failing mark of an upstart or blockhead; for what can be weaker or more absurd, than the blown-up fool of fashion, who, without either sense or sentiment, without virtue or wisdom, presumes to think himself greater even than a man of superior abilities or learning to himself, and that because he possesses an estate, which he had neither the industry or merit to earn, or because, perhaps, an ancestor derived his title from the *bastard* of a King, or because he purchased it by perfidy to his country, the plunder of his fellow creatures, or the slaughter of mankind? The real *gentleman* is not at all lessened in his consequence, by affability, shewn to one of less rank, as in every station, he must feel himself firm, in a consciousness of rectitude, when he stoops to cherish merit, though enveloped and concealed in a shabby suit of cloaths.

It is to be lamented that the national character of the English is pride, and the meanest of all pride, *purse-pride*. Even a poor *Lord* is despised, and to increase his fortune, a necessitous Peer will condescend to marry into a rich citizen's family. An over-weaning affection for money, an idolatrous worship of gain, have absolutely confounded the general intellect, and warped the judgment of many, to that excess, that in estimating men or things, they refer always to 'What is he worth?' or 'What will it fetch?' — Were we to point out, a person, as he passes, and say, 'There goes a *good* man, one who has not a vice,' — he could scarce be noticed, — but exclaim, 'That man is worth £500,000,' and he will be stared at, 'till out of sight. This sordid habit of thinking was

finely hit off, by a keen fellow of a neighbouring nation, who had carried on business in London and failed. Sitting in a coffee-house one day, where a few wealthy citizens were discussing some money-concerns, and observing him very attentive, one person turned aside and said to him, 'What's your opinion, Sir, of the matter?' 'S'blood, Sir,' returned he, peevishly, 'what opinion can a man have in *this* country, who has not a *guinea* in his pocket?' — This makes good, what Mr. Burke says, 'that a merchant has no faith but in his banker; his ledger is his bible; the exchange is his church; the desk his altar, and his money is his *God*.'

If the honor of families consists in being able to trace back their pedigree to distant ages, 'till they lose themselves in the darkness of an obscure and unknown antiquity; we are all *equally honorable*, for we have all had an original *equally ancient*. Upon this ground, Wapshot, the farmer, of Chertsey, in Surry, is a greater man, though untitled, than most of our nobility. He may truly boast of his *ancient* pedigree, for the farm that man now occupies is his own, and has descended to him lineally, from father to son, for upwards of *seven hundred* years. It was given to his ancestor, Reginald Wapshot, for services done, by our first William; and yet was he to push his way into the society of men of family, now so called, unless he had a better fortune than he has, no doubt but he would be spurned at, as insolent and an upstart of *no* family.

I recollect reading of a droll incident, I believe in Moore, that will evince the absurdity of the endeavours, even of the lower class of men, to ally themselves to fancied honors, by the most remote and ridiculous connexions. When Lord Anson was travelling in the East, he hired a vessel to visit the island of Tenedos, his pilot, a modern Greek, pointing to a bay, as they sailed along, exultingly cried out, 'Aye, — *there* it was, that *our* fleet lay!' — 'What fleet?' said Anson, 'Why our *Grecian* fleet,' returned the pilot, 'at the siege of *Troy*!'

One nobleman among the many I had classed with, I had the honor to call my friend, 'till the hour of his death. I became acquainted with him at school, and that acquaintance grew into friendship and continued through life, at least to that degree of friendship which the nobility of the present age are capable of possessing. When I say *capable*, I wish to be understood to allude only to an incapacity, arising from established manners in life and prejudice of education. *Acquaintance* they have *many*, for those who will entertain, never want them. — *Friends* they have *none*; those of equal rank and fortune with whom they associate, look on them with a *jealous* eye, and generally repine at their advancement, or aggrandizement. — They are all running the same career, and each is ambitious to be first. Such of their acquaintance as are inferior to them in rank and fortune, they consider as little more than dependants, who court their favor from motives of interest, and knowing this, they treat them accordingly. Hence, they are secretly envied by the former, and for their disdainful conduct, heartily despised by the latter. I mean not to say that this was the case between me and *my* friend, of whom I shall have occasion to speak more hereafter; but it is the case of nine out of ten.

Neither do I say this from any pique, or any sourness of temper, for in fact they are more to be pitied than condemned. Formed like other men, for the tender ties of reciprocal intercourse, and farther refined in polite usage, they might be supposed to be *more* capable of friendly enjoyment than *less*; having within themselves the pecuniary means of improving it; but brought up in a vortex of dissipation, they have no leisure for thought, and even those who *have* thought and *do* think, think to little purpose. They are early taught to believe themselves cast in a different mould from, and formed of finer materials than, other men; and this, with their education, puts them, as they conceive, far beyond the level of the class below them. I have heard noblemen say, they are all *goose-skin* at a low-bred man, meaning that nature shrivels up and recoils at their approach. This certainly arises from force of habit. I

have seen them also draw back, when an inferior has been speaking to them, as if contagion was in his breath; little considering that in crowded rooms, they all breathe the same foul atmosphere, and that certain parts of that air which the poor have *ex-pired* are *in-spired* by them. — But, even knowing this, they make no difficulty of going to a theatre, and passing many hours there : of course such conduct, to say the least of it, is absurd.

I recollect, though it is many years since, being told by an old gentleman, that having been to dine privately at Northumberland-House, with the grandfather of the present Duke of Northumberland, who was called the proud Duke of Somerset, and who boasted of a lineal descent from the Plantagenets; that whilst they were talking, *tele a tete*, in the saloon, the folding doors flew open, and a man in a black fringed robe, with a large silver headed staff in his hand entered, and exclaimed with a loud voice, — O yez ! — O yez ! — O yez ! — 'This is to give notice ; that his Grace the Duke of Somerset's dinners upon the table ! — and then retired. — This haughty Duke, the access to whose person was at times exceedingly difficult, was once taught a lesson of humility, by the celebrated Dr. Radcliffe, who, upon some occasion, had been made to wait half-an hour in a matter of business before he could see him.

When the Duke was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he at one time was far from being well, and it so happened that Dr. Radcliffe was at Dublin, on business, at this time. The Duke was happy in this circumstance, and sent for him, but Radcliffe, determining now to retaliate, sent word back, that as he did not practise in Ireland, if the Duke had any business with him, he must come to his lodgings. To this particularity for his own sake the Duke submitted ; went, and being admitted, sent up his name. — Radcliffe kept him half-an-hour waiting, and on coming into the room, the Duke said, my name, Sir, was certainly not properly announced, or I think you would not have detained me so long, — I am the Duke of Somerset. And viceroy of this country, —

I *know* it — and what of that ? — you wait, sir, on your Superior, — the King can make any man a *Duke*, and any man a viceroy, but God, only can make a *Radcliffe*.

In my youth I felt a kind of puerile respect and vulgar awe, for men of exalted birth and elevated rank, — what is called *mauvaise honte*, or false modesty, which generally arises from not having a sufficient good opinion of ourselves, — natural enough in youth. — It may arise indeed from self-interest — we some way or other conceive, that they have it in their power to serve us ; but when I had opportunities of approaching, examining, and knowing them thoroughly, and found them no more than *men*, I formed my opinion by that rule, with which I judged of the rest of mankind, and treated those who deserved it, with as little respect : hence it is, that I have never possessed any church-preferment ; as a *purchase*, I could not reconcile it to my conscience ; as a *boon*, I was too proud to solicit it. This *mauvaise honte*, or shyness, — though I know its absurdity, I never could *thoroughly* overcome. So powerful is habit !

I have known this pride of rank spread through a whole family, — from the lord even to his lowest domestic, — though it does not sit so well upon them. — It partakes of infection. — A certain Duchess, who had been very kind to the distressed poor, round her country seat, being taken dangerously ill, a woman, who had been often fed by her bounty, went to her house bathed in tears, and with every mark of true sorrow begged to know how her Grace did ; — when her favorite maid, who happened to be at the gate, fired with indignation at the presumptuous grief of the woman, shoved her from it, with ‘ I should not have *thought* of it ! — It’s the height of assurance, in a *low* creature, like *you*, to be at all affected or concerned for the ill health of a *Duchess*. ’

CHAP. IV.

On Marybone School—Mrs. Kennon, the Midwife's practice at illegitimate births—Pride of Mrs. Fountaine, Mistress of the School—A whimsical anecdote—Trick of Schoolmasters—Royal Tradesmen—a recent Forgery by a Physician—Ludicrous Duel between a Parson and an Officer—Remarks on Duelling, with an anecdote of Lord Antrim—Mode to prevent the practice—King of Sweden's mode—Courage and Cowardice, what?—illucidated by anecdotes of Mr. Cholmondeley and Sir Eyre Coote—Arguments for Courage in Battle.

THE family of Le Place, the founder of Marybone School, is I believe almost as much erased and obliterated, as the building itself, which is taken down and its scite covered with other houses. As we have been speaking of the infection of rank, I trust I may be allowed to mention an anecdote of the wife of Mr. Fountaine, the master of the school, without being considered as descending to trifles; she was one of those silly women whose exalted notions of rank kept every thing else at a distance.

There were only two boys at this school, but what were children of elevated birth, or men of good fortune, myself and another. In order to get me admitted there, my father was obliged to use some interest, for Mrs. Fountaine ruled the seminary.

Mrs. Kennon, Midwife to the Princess Dowager of Wales, mother of our present Sovereign, was in great reputation, and could now and then get a boy into this school. Her interest led her to keep those secrets that were often intrusted to her. She was frequently employed to perform her obstetric duties with ladies, whose calls were not sanctioned by marriage; and so often was this the case, that though she kept a coach, it was a *hackney* one, which would stand at a corner of the street and tell

no tales. The children that she brought into life, she would take away with her, put out to nurse. and when of sufficient age, place at some school. Mrs Fountaine's was usually the asylum of such surreptitious births; the boys were there educated, and continued under fictitious names, till they were old enough to be removed to public schools. Here were one or two of the late Earl of Talbot's by the Duchess of ———, whom he afterwards acknowledged and protected through life. It is said that when this Lady was dying, the Duke, in the goodness of his heart, attended her dying bed, and there, in the most tender and delicate way, told her, that he had been given to understand, she had two natural children; assured her of his forgiveness, and that to make her happy, if she would let him know where they were, he would adopt them as his own. The Duchess declared, with her departing breath, that he had been grossly imposed on, and I believe the Duke never got at the truth.

This was the Earl Talbot who first introduced the system of the King's household-economy, in the early part of his reign, for he was Steward of the household, but unfortunately for his credit, he began at the wrong end, economising the pantry, abridging the table-deckers of their privileges, saving in trifles whilst neglecting in gross. Meeting with Mr. Humphrey Cotes, the King's Wine-merchant, in one of the lobbies at St. James's, he took him thus to task.

Lord T. I am happy, Mr. Cotes, in this opportunity of speaking to you. — I am told that you annually send every gentleman of the board of green cloth, a hamper of wine as a present, to what end is this done?

Cotes, smiling. I have no particular end in doing it, — I dine with these gentlemen occasionally, and by sending them wine, I am sure to have a good glass at my dinner.

Lord T. I understand you, sir, — then let me ask you, why you always send such short measure? — I will venture to say there is not a bottle that comes into this house that is not 15 or 16 to the dozen.

Cotes. Possibly, my Lord, it may be so; I never *measure* them, but always *fill* them. If they do not hold the right measure, the fault rests not with *me*, but with Mr. Vanhorn, the King's *Bottle-maker*. If they held half as much more, I should fill them. — But I understand your *Lordship* also. — I have a small independence, am a true patriot, and if every gentleman, *who serves the King, will serve him without fee or reward*, I will do the same. On this they parted, but Mr. Cotes was dismissed; he served the King no longer. — Mr. Cotes was a *Whig*.

Economy is certainly necessary in the expenditure of the State, for without it, it must in the end fall, this I shall hereafter shew; but not economy in little matters, — like the economy of the late Lord K——, who locked up his small beer cellar from his servants, whilst he was gambling away thousands at Brookes's; the rule is to be *liberal* in *small* things and *frugal* in *great* ones. The prudent measures that are now taking to prevent any waste or improper application of the public money, at the different boards, &c. is praise-worthy, — but it never can be right, in any economical plan, or system of taxation, to benefit the State, by withholding any part of the little pittance of the half-pay officers, who have hazarded their lives, and worn out their youth, in its preservation; of the inferior clergy, and of persons who have scarce sufficient to subsist on; catching the fry and letting the sharks go by.

Mr. Humphry Cotes was the warm friend of Rousseau, when in this country, protected him, gave him a cottage to live in, within his own grounds and fed him at his own table.

This Mrs. Kennon, whom I have mentioned, was the person who offered the College of Physicians, through the medium of Dr. Frank Nichols, Physician to George II. a thousand pounds to endow a professorship of midwifery in London, in order to teach women the practice, and obviate the shameful necessity of employing men. The particulars are related in a novel called *Modern Times, or the Adventures of Gabriel Outcast*, under which character many amusing traits of my life, are

depicted, which will of course be omitted in this work. After reading this, if it entertains, I recommend the perusal of that. It is written in the same stile.

Mrs. Kennon was applied to by Mr. Jenkins, a pastry-cook, in Charles-Street, Soho, with whom she was acquainted, to get his son, an ordinary, ill-made boy of seven years of age, admitted into Marybone School, which through the pride of Mrs. Fountaine was not easily to be obtained: but Mrs. Kennon could not be refused, and it was therefore proposed by Mrs. De la Place, the mother of Mrs. Fountaine, that the child should be introduced under the name of the Prince De Chimmay, whom she expected from abroad. Mrs. Fountaine, having boasted that she could read nobility in the very looks of children of noble families, and instantly discern the vulgarity of commoners, declared, the very instant she saw him, that she discovered in young Jenkins, all those exalted traits of countenance, that distinguish nobility from the common herd; all that dignity of manner and gesture that bespeak elevated rank, and announced that his Serene Highness would be the pride and brightest gem of all her school. That henceforward, instead of exhibiting the Duke of Buccleugh, then one of the scholars, or any other child of nobility, to inquirers about her terms and mode of treatment, she should only bring forth this little princely fellow, — that she should have no occasion to announce his rank, for that every one must read the prince in his appearance'

It should be here told, that it is a practice with Masters and Mistresses of schools, which Mrs. Fountaine very much improved upon, when any one came to see the school, to bring forward some of the children of the first rank there, and shew them; for this seminary was rather a nursery than a school, the boys being taken in as soon as breeched and leaving it generally at twelve or thirteen years of age. I was an exception to this general rule, being admitted here, in favour, to fit me for the University.

This mode of bringing forward the children of wealthy parents, is a trick of the profession; it seems to say, 'My school *must* be a good one, or those who can afford to make choice of the best seminaries would not place their children here.' This may be fair, if every thing else corresponds. — It is so with men in Trade; indeed the same sentiment seems to pervade all professions. Physician to his *Majesty* — Chaplain to the *King*, to the *Duke* or *Earl* of ———. Tradesmen are ambitious to have the honour of placing over their shop-doors the King's arms — Grocer to his *Majesty* — Brazier to the *Prince of Wales*, &c. I believe the King has as many braziers, as he has kettles in his kitchen. — This tends not a little to give nobility a lift. — The object is to draw customers; for so much are people led away by deception, as to suppose such Tradesmen deal in, and manufacture, better articles than others. To the same end, those who have but a small stock will fill their shelves with false packages, to represent a large one: The dutchess of York frequents Bath, and a working fellow in tin-ware, having been applied to, by one of her royal Highness's servants (who lived out of her house) to stop a leak in a tin kettle, immediately placed over his shop-door, a daubing of the royal arms of England and Prussia, and called himself Tinman to the dutchess of York. In London I noticed two such *royal* Tradesmen; one was *Undertaker* to his Majesty; the other *Nightman* to the Queen.

But I am running from the Prince de Chimmay. Mrs. Fountaine was as full of art as address. She was so wrapt up in her new acquisition, that she determined the prince should sleep in *her* room, and be absolutely under *her* care. For several days she increased in fondness for him, 'till she came to enquire of him about his connections and family abroad, which puzzled the child and confounded the mistress; that when the secret came out, as it could not long be concealed, but his father made tarts, and he was in fact a pastry-cook's son, she had the laugh so much against her, that she could not shew her face for months, and the only revenge

she was suffered to take, was, to put little patty-pan hereafter in the back ground.

This unhappy woman had so offended her husband, by her loose conduct, that he left her penniless, and she died at an advanced age, in a garret, a miserable pauper. — Where was her son, the Rev. Thomas Fountaine, chaplain to the King and one of the *golden* prebendaries of Durham, &c.? — One instance among many, of beggary and wretchedness, attendant on a bad life. — ‘As all things work together for good to them that serve God,’ so all things tend to ruin to those who serve mammon. — God disposes the minds of men to serve, or disserve, each other, as he thinks right.

During the time I was at this school, being designed for the University, a Mr. Hill, a Clergyman, one of the Ushers, took uncommon pains, to fit me for my reception there. I introduce his name here, to give my readers an anecdote, that throws some light on the absurdity of duelling. The conduct of this gentleman I can no otherwise account for, than by observing, that man is often made up of two different characters; we shall frequently see the most rational of men, guilty of the grossest absurdities, and I can only attribute it to temporary derangement of intellect or insanity. I was intimate with a Physician of great eminence and extensive learning, who, added to his practice, had a fortune of not less than one thousand pounds a year, and though naturally covetous, had lived more than twenty years in one neighbourhood, with great credit and repute, yet in hopes of getting 25s. on the share of a Lottery ticket, was guilty of forgery, by altering a figure in the number of a sixteenth share, to make it carry the face of one drawn a twenty pound prize; and for want of being accustomed in villainy, told such a number of lies, and bungled so much thro’ the whole business, that the intended fraud was detected, before he received the money: this *one* transaction, blasted a long acquired good character. I

attribute this to insanity, not such insanity as pervades the whole conduct of a madman; but such dereliction of reason, such an eccentric flying off from propriety, as denotes occasional madness, or something nearly bordering upon it.

Mr. Hill, between 30 and 40 years of age, *in school* was mild, decent, orderly and rational; *out of school*, wild, impetuous, inconsiderate and rash; like some madmen, who, whilst their thoughts are estranged from the object that disorders them, are rational and orderly; but no sooner is the topic mentioned, to which their unhappy mind is warped, than they become raving and ungovernable. Just so was Hill. He was not a married man but lived with a lady of equivocal character, of whom he was fond, even to jealousy. She received him as her husband, and *his* friends as *her* friends: amongst the former was Mr. Christopher Gardiner, of Esher, in Surry, then an Ensign in the Guards, a man well known by the unfortunate exit he made in Jamaica, having put an end to his life by a pistol, not being able to outlive a disgraceful situation he brought himself into, by play, at Brighthelmstone.

Mr. Gardiner made his visits to this lady more frequently than Mr. Hill approved; but as Gardiner declared to me (for from him I had the story) without any degree of criminal intercourse. Hill's jealousy was roused, and a challenge was the consequence. Gardiner, quite a gentleman in his manner, unwilling to give such a meeting to a *clergyman*, urged the impropriety, tried all he could to exculpate himself, and finding it in vain, ended with saying, that, though of the two, he was the best shot, and it was more than probable that he (Hill) would be the sufferer, yet as he should gain no credit in the meeting, or lose any honor in refusing it, he certainly should not comply with his absurd demand. Hill would admit of no excuse, said he was *miles atque sacerdos*, soldier as well as priest, (being Chaplain to Lord Granby's Dragoons) and if Gardiner would not accept his challenge, he would post him for a coward. Mr. Gardiner submitted this to his brother-officers,

and their opinion was, that if Hill waved the sanction of his profession, and would insist on his (Gardiner's) going out with him, there was no alternative but to go.

Matters being thus adjusted, Hill desired Gardiner to meet him the next morning at six, at the Three Magpies, in Whitechapel. Hill went there without a friend, but Gardiner took one with him, one in whom he placed a confidence, that he would, if possible, make the affair up. Instead of which, this friend rather aggravated the matter, which displeased Gardiner so much that he declined accepting of his service, and saying that as Mr. Hill had brought no friend with him, they would go to the ground alone. A post chaise and four was at the door, by the appointment of Hill: into this they got, and the boys were ordered to drive on with all expedition, in the Essex road. Gardiner asked where he meant to carry him? 'into Essex,' replied Hill, 'for as I know that I shall *kill* you, I would not be tried by a London jury.' — 'Would it not have been readier then,' returned Gardiner, 'to have crossed the bridge into Surry?' — 'No,' retorts he, 'I have already been tried by a Surry jury and I won't trust myself in their hands again.' — This shews that I have not reasoned wrong, when I attributed Hill's conduct to insanity; the sequel will further prove it. The chaise had now reached Stratford, Hill every now and then putting out his head to look for a convenient place. At last conceiving he had found one, he ordered the boys to stop and Gardiner to alight. This was an Inn-yard, by the road side, that about half-way down turned from the right of the road. He hastened down the yard, Gardiner following him with steps as hasty; when they reached the turning, some post-boys were discovered cleaning of harness. Hill stops short, with 'This won't do, — we'll go on further;' they returned as hastily, and the boys were ordered to proceed. Gardiner would have left him, but the die was cast, and though from Hill's wildness, he considered him to be almost out of his senses, he could not retract. When reseated, Hill's reason began to return, he asked Gardiner if he had any money, and on Gardiner saying 'Why this question?'

Hill replied, — ‘Though I said I should kill *you*, perhaps I may be mistaken, and you may kill *me*. If you want money, I have fourteen guineas in my pocket, — should I fall, take it and make off with it.’ They were now brought a few miles further, and Hill, noticing a bye-lane, and ordering the boys to stop, got out and bad Gardiner follow him, and the lads to go on to a public house, within sight, and wait their return. Hill ran down the lane faster than Gardiner, and being out of sight of the road, turned quick about and said, ‘I’ve got my ground, take yours.’ Gardiner unwilling, as he *was* come out, to put it in the power of his antagonist at any future time to censure him, approached him within eight yards. ‘Go further back,’ says Hill, ‘I am to have the first fire, and I do not mean to murder you.’ Gardiner retired four paces — Hill fired and shot off the side curl of Gardiner’s hair, — Gardiner then fired, and the ball lodged in Hill’s groin, who cried out, ‘I am done for.’ — Gardiner ran up to him, and Hill unbuttoning the waistband of his small-clothes said, ‘Look, Gardiner, is the ball gone out behind?’ — Gardiner, to give him spirits, replied, ‘It was,’ though the fact was otherwise. On this, Hill with forced spirits, jumped up and said, ‘Come then, — I shall do well, — we’ll go back.’ The boys and several men, hearing the firing, ran to the spot, but the combatants were returning to the road. — The chaise took them up and they made the best of their way to the Magpyes, as before ; Hill exclaiming all the way, ‘I can’t conceive how I missed you, — I would have laid fifty pounds that I had killed you, — but I am sorry for what has happened. — You are a good fellow, Gardiner, and a *brave* one, and I am the only fool — Oh ! I am sick ! — I don’t think I shall recover it !’ — Hill’s reason now returned, but it was too late : he had received his death-stroke.

On their return to the Inn, Hill requested Gardiner to go to his father and send him to him. — Gardiner begged he would permit him also to send him a surgeon. It was complied with, and Hill, who died the next day, told his father, before Mr. Gardiner’s surgeon, that he had been exceedingly rash, had forced his friend out much against his will,

had absolutely met his own death, acquitted Gardiner of every thing that could seemingly condemn him; begged his father, in case he died, to bear honourable testimony, from his dying lips, of his friend Gardiner's handsome conduct; and enjoined him, with his last breath, not to prosecute him. Thus was this rash man hurried out of life, in a frantic moment, and only brought to his senses, when it was too late to profit by them. — Gardiner left the kingdom for a few months and the affair blew over.

The chief argument in favor of duelling, is that it tends to keep Gentlemen within the bounds of civility, and that as so few fall in these contests, the loss of an individual or two, to a nation, is overballanced by an urbanity of manners. This may be a political argument, but it is a very *unchristian* one. Christianity teaches us not to do *evil* that *good* may come. I wonder Dr. Johnson, who was very much the christian, should consider the duelist as acting in self-defence, against the stigma of the world.

It is not a sense of delicacy, — it is not the love of justice, says Abbé Raynal, that brings the ruined gamester, within four and twenty hours to the feet of his creditor, who is perhaps no better than a sharper; it is the sense of honor; it is the dread of being excluded from society.

These refined notions are more the thoughts of an idealist than of a sober reasoner, and are inconsistent with the tenets of Christianity. It is called demanding satisfaction, but what *satisfaction* can there be in combating with one whom we deem an enemy, and giving him a chance of robbing us of life, or maiming us for the remainder of it? — Will not this maiming rankle, in future; more in the *mind* of the sufferer, than in his body? And should chance make this enemy victorious, what *satisfaction* can there be in begging our life of this man whom we despise, or owing it to his insolent mercy? What becomes of the

pride of a disarmed man? What consolation can *honor* afford for such disgrace?

Surely, gentlemen, who fight for honor, do not consider in what it consists. Can they suppose there is any *honor* in debauching a man's wife, his daughter or his sister, and then offering him *satisfaction* for the same, which satisfaction implies a wish to put him to death? — Can there be any *honor* in a challenge sent to recover a gambling debt, when gambling is in itself *dishonorable*? Or is there any *honor* in resenting an observation or reflexion on a wish to avoid that nefarious conduct, at which men ought to shudder? No, — It is more consistent with true honor and dignity to let the world see, that we are above doing a dishonorable act, and are not wounded with the folly, the effrontery, or the ignorance of the world.

There is certainly a defect in our laws, or gentlemen would not take this business into their own hands, and keep up this absurd and savage custom. By the articles of war, even *soldiers* are exculpated for refusing to accept a challenge, and those who give one are cashiered. The King, from whom all honor springs, there, declares, that he acquits the non-accepter of a challenge of all suspicion of cowardice; and yet such is the prevalence of prejudice, over what is right and legal, that if an officer refuses a challenge, when he has given offence, his brother-officers will send him to Coventry, that is, not associate with him; if he accepts a challenge, fights and kills his antagonist, he is tried by a Court-martial and broke, but afterwards re-instated in his former rank: as much as to say, we condemn him, agreeable to the article of war, but we will re-instate him for his martial spirit. I had a relation in the army, Captain Burns, who unfortunately killed a brother-officer, at Gibraltar, in a duel, was tried by a Court-martial for it and broke, but afterwards re-instated.

I conceive there might be modes adopted to put an end to this practice. — Was there a Court of Honor established in this kingdom, as was the Marechal's Court, in France, before the Revolution there, to take cognizance of offences committed by gentlemen among each other, something similar to Courts of Inquiry among military men, ample satisfaction, through such a Court, might be made, without resorting to the duel. I shall have occasion to speak more of such a Court hereafter. Should this not be sufficient, a voluntary combination of the principal nobility and gentry, particularly of brave military men against the practice, might effect it; or an officer, on receiving his commission, might be bound in a heavy penalty never to proceed to this extremity; and if the duellist was banished from Court, and excluded from all civil and military offices, it might correct this evil, which the Criminal Courts are apt too much to countenance.

But if all this would not do, more rigorous measures should be pursued. We read in Swedish history, that Adolphus, King of Sweden, determining to suppress these false notions of honor, issued a severe edict against the practice. Two gentlemen, however, generals in his service, on a quarrel, agreed to solicit the King's permission to decide their difference by the laws of honor. The King consented and said, he would be present at the combat. He was, attended by a body of guards and the public executioner, and before they proceeded to the onset, he told these gentlemen, that they must fight, till one of them died. — Then (turning to the executioner, he added) do you immediately strike off the head of the survivor.

This had the intended effect; the difference between the two officers was adjusted, and no more challenges were heard of in the army of Gustavus Adolphus.

I believe there are few considerate men that would enter into an affair of this kind, if they could avoid it, without being stigmatized as cowards.

Lord Shaftesbury seems to suspect there is a great deal of *galantry* in duelling, and that our fantastic notions of honor are derived from the influence of female sensibility, and says, one of the courtiers of William III. expressed this idea, very naturally, when he was asked by his friend, why a man of his established character, for courage and good sense, could answer the challenge of a coxcomb? — He confessed, that for his *own* sex, he could safely trust their judgment; but how should he appear at night before the *maids* of honor?

It is ignorantly supposed that making an apology to, or begging pardon of, a person we have offended is degrading. I conceive that as politeness is the characteristic of a gentleman, he cannot exhibit a higher sense of honor and polished manners, than by making a proper concession, where he may be deemed the aggressor.

But, we may observe that it is generally the young, the rash, and the inconsiderate, that keep up this practice. I have more than once prevented a duel, by shewing young men the absurdity. — I thus prevented a son of the late Serjeant Lee, Solicitor General, from falling a sacrifice to a bravo, whom he knew nothing of. — I prevented Sir William Fowler when in the same predicament. — Every man loves his life and fears to lose it; he that says he does not, is a fool and a liar, and I will not believe him. All men *must fear* death; it is a lesson of nature, and man cannot be taught any thing contrary to nature: act or think as he will, he must act or think by nature's laws;

"Else whence this secret dread, this inward horror
Of falling into nought? — Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself and startles at destruction?" —

ANDERSON.

"'Tis the fear
To be, we know not what, — we know not where."

DAYDEN.

What then is cowardice ? — It is the effect of weak nerves. — Who would not be brave, if he could ? *Acquired* courage may be the result of strong reasoning, refined education, and a sense of duty, as in the case of an officer : *mechanical* courage, is often the effect of example, as in the soldier : — one man keeps the line, because another does, they consider themselves merely as parts of a great machine ; but *natural* courage is the effects of strong nerves, which every man is not blessed with. I might *pity* a coward, but I would not *condemn* him, for want of resolution, more than I would condemn a weak, man for want of strength. They are gifts of Providence bestowed on particular men — not within the reach of all. The only cowardice, in my opinion condemnable, is in a soldier for taking up a profession he is not adequate to. I would punish an officer for deserting his post, — not for his *cowardice*, but for his *presumption*, in assuming an office, whose duties he must be conscious he could not discharge, with credit to himself or justice to his employers ; in not having learnt to brave the fear of death.

The bravest of men may refuse a challenge without dishonor. How rational was the conduct of the late Lord Antrim, from whom I had the account ! Being Governor of the County of Antrim, and not willing to nominate a gentleman to the magistracy, who applied to him for that purpose, he demanded his reasons, which his Lordship refused giving ; on this he challenged him, saying, that with-holding his reasons, was a reflexion on his character. Lord Antrim, from his situation, was not bound in honor to give any reason for his refusal, and therefore would not accept his challenge, though this gentleman thought proper to call him a scoundrel and a coward. — He considered him as little better than a bravo, conceived that he should degrade himself by meeting him, and gave him to understand, that as he should never go out without his sword ; if ever he was attacked by him, he should draw it in his defence.

So acted a gentleman in the case of Captain Askew of the Guards,

son of a late Dean of Bristol, who having obtained a certificate from his physician, that his health would not admit him to join his regiment, when a detachment of it was ordered to America, did not go with it, and was called a coward in one of the newspapers; — his brother-officers urged him to seek out the author, who had left his name with the printer, — a challenge was the consequence, which the writer refused on this principle, That it would be *dishonorable* to meet a degraded character, but that he should be found walking in a certain place in Hyde-Park, the next morning at six, with his sword by his side, and if he was there molested by Captain Askew, he should see how he would treat him. — He accordingly went there at the time, and was seen walking alone. — Captain Askew, with a friend, went also armed. — His friend approached the writer, and asked him if he came there to give Captain Askew the meeting? — his answer was ‘No, — I am walking here for recreation, — Captain Askew is a degraded character, I cannot sully my own, by measuring swords with *him*; but if he molests me, I will treat him as he deserves.’ Askew’s friend urged him to assault this man, but he refused it, and left the place. The consequence was, that his brother-officers refused to associate with him, and he was obliged to sell out.

That prowess is often occasional and the effect of frame, is evident by a man’s being more courageous at one time than another, from better health and better spirits; we have had numberless instances of this. The Honorable and Reverend Mr. Cholmondley, Rector of Hertingfordbury, Herts. once an officer, broke for cowardice at the battle of Dettingen, had acquitted himself with marked bravery on some former occasion; Sir Eyre Coote, who, when a subaltern, was broke for running away at the battle of Falkirk, signalized himself in more advanced life, with uncommon heroism in India; and Lord Geo. Sackville, broke for cowardice at the battle of Minden, acquitted himself afterwards manly in a duel; and yet Lord Ligonier, who delivered him the orders from Prince Ferdinand, declared to me that he was a *rank coward*. Death, therefore, should never be inflicted for want of

courage. When Admiral Byng was shot, for not engaging the enemy, Voltaire shrewdly observed, that it was done to *encourage* others.

The stigma that hangs upon a man, (who acted as Mr. Cholmondeley did,) as long as he lives, is a sufficient punishment. — He had married Mary, the sister of the celebrated Peg Woffington, the comedian, with whom he was so enamoured, that his plea for not being able to face the enemy, was that Polly was *in* his head, and he could not get her *out* of it. I happened to be at one of the theatres thirty years after this transaction, when Mr. Cholmondeley was in the pit, within three rows of the orchestra; a countryman who sat in the first row, in a line before him, being too short, to have, as he sat, a command of the stage, stood up and interrupted his view. Mr. C——, in a peremptory tone of voice and loud, cried out, ‘Sit down!’ — the man sat down, but some time after, not being able to see, rose again. A second time and louder than before, Mr. C—— cried ‘Sit down!’ — The man said, as he had paid for his seat, he had a right to see as well as he. ‘Peace fellow,’ said he, — ‘Do you know to whom you are talking?’ — Unfortunately for Mr. C——, this simple man was given to understand who this honourable gentleman was, by a loud voice from the gallery, exclaiming, ‘It is Parson Cholmondeley, who was broke for *cowardice*, at the battle of Dettingen!’ — In despoiling the officer, he was moulded into a good priest, for he took orders soon after, and always bore a very respectable character.

Not bred up in arms, I had no conception of the minds gathering strength as it does in the moment of danger. I have often thought, that I should make a bad soldier; but am now convinced to the contrary: for once going into an out-house, in the country, in the dark, between ten and eleven at night, conceiving I heard a foot, I extended my arms before me, in order to guard my head, and laid hold of a man, who had secreted himself, seized him by the collar, and felt myself as bold as a lion: at another time, I was attacked, in my own carriage, by four

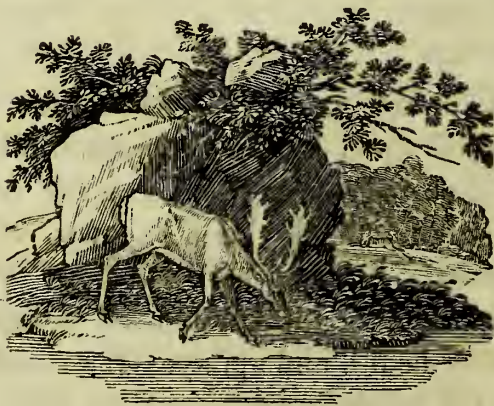
foot-pads, at night, one of whom put a pistol to my breast, and though I have often dreaded a robber, I felt no more fearful emotion at this moment, than if I had been conversing with so many friends in the day; but reasoned with the man who threatened me with death, prevailed on him to remove his pistol, and gave him what I had, as calmly as if I had been paying the turnpike. — As it was with me, I am persuaded it must be with others, except such as are *panic-struck*, which is more the effect of momentary derangement than established fear. — Let not then the timid be disheartened, nor the soldier fear the brunt of battle. As the hart, in the fable, to escape the dogs, sought shelter in a lion's den, so it commonly happens in engagements; those who are *killed in flight*, might by, keeping the field, have *lived in victory*.

Besides, let it be considered, that strong emotions rouse the mind to action and passions, of almost every kind, produce a temporary insensibility to pain. The tooth-ach will fly away at the presence of the operator, or at the tidings of some happy event, and a man in the paroxysms of rage shall be as insensible to wounds and pain, as the pious martyr at the stake.

Admiral Saunders, in the year 1771, when there was likely to be a Spanish war, was called upon by Government to take the command of a fleet. He was almost a martyr to the gout, and had long been afflicted with that extreme debility and languor, which often attends this excruciating disease. A friend called one day to see him, and was astonished to find him standing to wash himself in his shirt-sleeves, with all the marks of perfect health and agility. Inquiring into the cause of this sudden change, the admiral exclaimed, 'I have received an order from Government to take the command of a fleet against the Spaniards, and I'll not come back without striking a blow.' — The powerful excitation of that animating appointment, and the spirit of his profession, gave, for some time, a new spring to the constitution of this gallant

veteran, and procured him a truce from the miseries of his situation: but soon after, the rumour of war dying away, the admiral sunk down again into languor and disease.

As strong emotions then produce insensibility to *pain*, so, when the mind is roused to action by them, will they produce insensibility to *fear*. — I conversed once with a military man, who had been in sixteen engagements. — He declared that he never in his life, saw a man flinch. ‘Prior to the onset,’ said he, ‘I believe the best of fellows do experience a little depression of spirit; but when the conflict is begun, all sense of fear is at an end.’ — The sound of trumpets, — the beat of drums, — the shouts and animation of the soldiery, — eagerness for enterprize, — the examples of the brave, — the smoke, — the noise, — and all the ardour of battle, will so rouse the spirits, even of the most timid, as to render them insensible of danger and of wounds.



CHAP. V.

Abuse of a College Education—On Literary Men—Anecdotes and occurrences at College—On Rustication—The Use of Time—Fellow-Commoners called empty bottles—Author leaves College—Anecdotes of William, Duke of Cumberland ; Edward, Duke of York, and Princess Amelia.

BETWEEN the age of eighteen and nineteen, I was removed from Marybone School to Emanuel College, in the University of Cambridge, where I continued three years ; during which time, there are but one or two passages of my life worth repeating.

Whilst at College, I was much courted by my fellow-collegians, (under-graduates) for more reasons than one. My father, considering me as extravagant, wrote me a letter in good humour, saying in pleasantry, that my mother's uncle, Benjamin Webb, whom I have mentioned, and who was supposed to be worth fourscore thousand pounds, had made his will in my favor, and left me the whole of his property, on a persuasion, that from my natural expensive disposition, I should soon circulate that treasure he had been so censured for hoarding, and conceiving it would make some atonement for his supposed covetousness. — When the postman brought me the letter, I had half-a-dozen acquaintance with me, — I read it aloud ; the consequence was, that it cost me six bottles of wine more, and they got drunk, by way of congratulation, and to testify their friendship. I knew that my father was joking, but this I kept to myself. — It soon got wind, flew round the college-walls, like a hurricane, and its effect was soon felt throughout the town, — I experienced its good effects also : for, added to the homage I received, which is always paid to supposed wealth, I became instantly in *credit*. Those tradesmen, who were before cautious of trusting me, would almost force their commodities upon me. I took no advantage, however,

of any of them, except the College Cook, a saucy fellow, who furnished my private table with any thing and every thing I wanted; and the imposing Wine-merchant, who kept my cellaret well supplied; but often sold me *Made-here-a* for Madeira.

But the chief attraction I possessed, was an artificial magnet, which I always carried in my pocket. This was a piece of iron in the shape of a key, which opened an outward back-gate of the College precinct, where I could let myself out and in at any time, after the other gates were locked. Soon after my admission at College, strolling round the boundary, I perceived a key, left in the gate at the lower end of an adjoining close, through which the gardener was wheeling dung. I took the opportunity, whilst he was at dinner, to take this key to a neighbouring smith, got an impression struck off, in thin iron, brought it back and replaced it unnoticed. From this impression I had a key made, and as our gates were locked at six in winter and nine in summer, and the name of every one who entered after those hours, was carried up, by the porter, to the master of the College, with the time of his coming in, and he was reprimanded and punished according to his irregularity; — every one wished to become my friend, with a view of benefiting occasionally, by this my ticket of admission.

It was a custom at our College, that if an under-graduate passed through any of the quadrangles, when a Fellow of the College was in view, to walk with his cap in his hand, let the weather be what it might. Being always troubled with weak eyes, one day, when it mizzled, I omitted this ceremony, and as a punishment, I was ordered to translate Cæsar's Gallic War, from his Latin Commentaries, about half an octavo volume, and to keep my room till it was done. So *severe* a punishment for so *slight* an offence, roused my pride, and the Christmas vacation of a month approaching, not having done it, I was refused leave to go home; taking, therefore, French leave, on my return, I was rusticated, that is, banished from College, *sine die*, during

the pleasure of the master; who, however, recalled me in time, so that I did not lose a term. From this period, which was a few months before I took my degree, I grew dissatisfied with my situation, and on taking my degree, left College immediately after, without applying for a testimonial of my character, which is necessary for those who are designed for orders. — However, on my father's application for it, some time after, it was transmitted.

This punishment of rustication is exceedingly ill-judged, and not consistent with wisdom and liberality. Obliging a young man to lose a term or two, is depriving him of so many months of his youth, and throwing him backward in life, and is a punishment inflicted also upon his parents, keeping him the longer on their hands, and for what? perhaps for a trifling transgression. It is not unlike discharging a lad from apprenticeship, for an occasional neglect of business.

During my stay at College, I was a very early riser, never in bed in the summer-time after four o'clock, and always indulged myself with a walk into the country, two hours before the chapel-bell rang. I used to enjoy my reflections on the banks of the Cam, found myself frequently watched by the simple villagers, least I should throw myself in; and was talked of by them, as the melancholy gentleman.— So apt are the people to misconstrue what they are unused to see, — an *early-rising gentleman*.

Had I continued this practice of early rising through my life, instead of seventy years, I should have already lived one hundred, and been richer than I am, — for the time of a man, who employs it to advantage, must be considered as money; of course the more time he has, the more money he can acquire. Dr. Birch, Secretary to the Royal Society, used to say, that early rising, enabled *him* to go through a variety of undertakings. He had executed the business of the morning, before numbers of people had begun it, and

indeed it is the peculiar benefit of rising betimes, (time being too often ravaged by invaders) that it is not in the power of any interruptions, avocations or engagements, to defraud a man of those hours, in which he has been well employed, or to rob him of the consolation, that he hath not spent the day in vain. — Cardan's motto was *Tempus est mea possessio* — *Tempus est ager meus* — Time is my estate, my land, which I am to cultivate. — Five hours in the morning, lost for fifty years, is more than thirty years of a man's life, considering how many hours are necessary to be daily spent, at intervals, to preserve that life; and money paid for the purchase of time is money wisely expended. — By purchasing time, I mean money given to others, to do that for us, which we have not time to do ourselves. Money laid out in books that teach experience, otherwise to be learned only in the course of years. Money expended in the employ of many men, (thus gaining time by *their* labour) to erect a building or cultivate a piece of land, in a given time; which if set about with one-tenth of the number, would be ten times as long about. In a word, life is too short for many enterprizes, which if delayed, we may never see the completion of. *Tempus fugit*;—*Carpe diem*.—As time therefore flies, catch it, e're it escape.

Emanuel College has produced some eminent men, it being remarkable for the strictness of its discipline. Dr. Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, was here bred. So was Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester. This gentleman was fourth Fellow, when I was there; he was then an invalid, and yet, by a regular regimen, he has prolonged his life to upwards of fourscore years; a consolatory thought to those who are not blessed with rude health. The lives of the robust and strong are often shorter than those of a sickly habit, a proof of the advantages of regular living. Bennet, Bishop of Cloyne, was of the same standing with me, and of the same College, as was Dr. Farmer, afterwards Master of the College, and Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Mr. Martin, Professor of Botany:

I kept my exercises, for my degree, with the late Dr. John Jebb, of Peterhouse, — a gentleman well-known in London.

Universities are a wise and noble institution, but like many others have been abused; and time has dwindled many of their ceremonies and formalities into farce, witness that of taking a Bachelor's degree, which I have related. Those who are bred to the learned professions, are sent there to keep a certain number of terms to qualify them for those professions. In Physic, a man cannot be admitted into the College of Physicians, in London, unless he has taken a degree, at one of our Universities; nor practise till he has graduated Bachelor of Physic: nor can a Clergyman hold two livings, till he is a Master of Arts, or a Bachelor of Law.

These privileges, granted in support of the Universities, and the many endowments, at the several Colleges, of pensions, exhibitions, scholarships and other charitable donations, bestowed for the tuition and maintenance of poor scholars, tend very much to increase the number of those who are bred for the church; but, who, for want of a title for orders, or some ecclesiastical office, or other causes, are never ordained. It is this that occasions Curates to accept of small salaries for the cure of souls, much smaller than the Bishops are authorized to allow them. Hence the Church is degraded, and officiating ministers or curates, are worse paid than journeymen-carpenters, who earn five shillings a day, or £80 a year; journeymen-tailors, bricklayers, and book-binders, who can readily gain upwards of £60 a year, whilst the ministers of the Gospel think themselves well paid at £40 or £50. — Hence it is, also, that so many educated and unordained men, become the servile hirelings of booksellers, and prostitute the cause of literature, under fictitious names. Bred chiefly at the public expence, their numbers are every where so great, as commonly to reduce the price of their labour to a very paltry recompence.

In the reign of Edward III. ten pounds a year was the common pay of a curate, and that of a labouring artificer three-pence per day, which was not half the pay then of a stipendiary priest; of course the pay of a labourer is now advanced, and that of the priest diminished. Before the introduction of printing, the only profit a man of letters could make by his talents, was that of teaching others the knowledge he had himself acquired; even this however, scanty as it was, was a far more honorable and profitable employ than writing for booksellers, or super-intending a newspaper; and yet, honorable as the employment was, a scholar and a beggar seemed to have implied one and the same thing; for the Heads of Colleges, in the Universities, appear at that time, to have granted licences to their scholars, to beg: knowing all this, it was my determination never to enlist myself in the pay of a bookseller; but if I turned author, to set up for myself; and have in consequence of this determination, refused many a good offer, such at least, as they are pleased to call good. Of some of these *good offers*, my readers will be made acquainted with, in the course of these pages.

Young men of fortune are sometimes sent to the Universities, that they may boast of having had a university-education, or more probably to keep them out of harm's way, at that critical period of life, when their passions are afloat and outstrip their reason. Study is out of the question; they keep their horses and sometimes their girls, and attend but little to academical exercises. As to professional students, (some very few excepted) they are worse scholars at leaving College, than at their admission. I heard our tutor once censure a young man at lectures, who had been nearly three years at College, by saying, that he knew less than a Freshman * who sat next him. 'Well, and what of that?' retorts the youth, 'He is but just come from school.'

* One within the first year of his admission.

As to the fellow-commoners, they were always at Cambridge called *empty bottles*, from the following circumstance that occurred at Emanuel. Wine-merchants send their porters, occasionally, round the Colleges to collect the bottles; one of these men, during the hour of lecture, knocked at the lecture-room door by mistake, and called out *Empty Bottles!* The tutor, then out of humour, at being attended only by *one* fellow-commoner, when there were twenty in College, cried out, 'Call again another time, I have now but *one*.' This soon gathered wind, and these young gentlemen of the first class, went afterwards, throughout the University, by the name of *Empty Bottles*. So much for the honor of men of rank and fortune! It serves to shew how little they attended to academical studies.

Leaving Cambridge soon after I was twenty-one years of age, I returned home to my father's house, at Marybone, for I could not take orders till I was nearly twenty-three: I continued at Marybone near two years, and if a longer time, in all probability, I should not have been *orderly* ever after. For let loose from a school of discipline, in the prime of youth and in such a vortex of dissipation, as a public place of amusement affords, without the least controul; it would have been no wonder had I deviated from that line of rectitude, I was taught to pursue.

During this interval, however, I commenced author. I translated, from the Italian, several burlettas, and adapted them to the English stage; among the rest, *La Serva Padrona*, or the Servant-mistress of Pergolesi. It was performed on a small stage in the garden with applause, and I had the profit of the printed books there sold, which paid me well for my trouble, and kept my purse full. This was in the year 1757.

William, Duke of Cumberland, used to amuse himself in the dark walks of this place, and gave way to a variety of unbecoming frolics with the women, which would have disgraced one of the lowest class in

society, and which to relate would disgust the reader. He was supported in these unprincipled acts, by two *honorable aid-de-camps*, too often pandars to a prince's vices. He was renowned for his eccentric gaiety, and love of variety, and did more than once befriend a stranger through the *medium* of his wife. The following story I had from the young and handsome wife of a Tea-dealer, in Cheap-side, whose husband was a bankrupt and in prison. This lady, having heard how often the Duke had been impressed with *benignant* ideas, on the solicitations of the fair, set herself off to the best advantage, took a post-chaise and proceeded to Windsor, not being aware how difficult of access some princes are. The chaise stopped at the Lodge, and inquiry was made if the Duke was at home, she having just before been told that he was. — No matter, — he was denied, — but this did not check her procedure. — She got out, walked round the house, and finding a garden-door open, went in, and meeting with the gardener begged to see the pinery, which she commended and gave the fellow half-a-crown. Among other questions, one was, 'Is the Duke in the country?' — 'Yes,' replied the gardener, 'he was in the garden five minutes ago.' Scarce were these words uttered, but his Highness was seen at a little distance. She approached him and begged to have the honor to speak to him. Seeing a handsome young woman, exceedingly well dressed, he could do no less, though a stranger, than to request her to enter the saloon, near which they were and the door open. He seated her on a sofa, sat down beside her, and begged to know her commands. She told him that she was the wife of a citizen, who had met with misfortunes in trade, and having learned his Highness's readiness, at all times, to befriend the unfortunate, she had taken the liberty to solicit his wonted benevolence for her husband. She did not ask; she said, *pecuniary* assistance, but for some little appointment it might be in his Royal Highness's power to procure; and she took care to ask this in that irresistible way that women can occasionally affect, when they wish to carry their point, but without indelicacy or boldness. That the Duke understood her is evident, for he ordered coffee and fruit and wished to

see her again. He said that he should be in London the sunday following, and if she came to his house, in Pall-mall, at three o'clock, he would see her; — on her expressing how difficult it was to get access to men of his rank, and that she should not have seen him at Windsor, had she not rambled a back way into the garden, he smiled, took her by the hand, kissed her, and bad her ask at his house for *Will. Cum.* and she would find admittance. She pursued this direction and was admitted, but the Duke, being particularly engaged, politely excused himself from giving her an audience at that time, and begged her to come on some future sunday. She often tried afterwards but could not gain admittance. To get over this difficulty, conceiving her face and person to be a passport any where, and as women seldom shrink at little difficulties, she wrote to him, enclosed her letter in one to Edward, Duke of York, his nephew, humbly requesting His Royal Highness, in that letter, to present the enclosed to the Duke of Cumberland, and that she might be certain of this being delivered to the Duke of York, she determined to put it into his hands herself. To this end, she dressed herself well, went to his house, in Leicester-square, on court-day, and waiting in the vestibule, with others, 'till his Highness's return from St. James's; as he passed into his room, she stepped forward, presented him the letter, and waited the result; which was, that the Duke, on reading it, came out, and with great condescension said, 'Be assured, Madam, the Duke of Cumberland shall receive it from *my* hands.' In this letter she told the Duke of Cumberland, that relying on his kind promise, she had been frequently at his house, but could never gain admittance after the first time, and that if His Royal Highness would permit her, she would wait on him the sunday sennight, next ensuing, at the former hour of appointment. She went and was admitted. The Duke saw her, but the means she had taken to obtain this interview overthrew the whole. Not liking any rivalry, he warmly said, 'If you can apply to the Duke of York, Madam, you had no occasion to apply to me,' and left her. This

anecdote, and many others I could relate of a similar kind, serves to shew the unwarrantable use that is too often made of the influence of power.

Duke William once employed one of his Equerries, to negotiate with a young woman for her virtue; but this gentleman conceiving the office too degrading, employed Mr. Vaughan, a celebrated sedan-chair maker, in Coventry-street, London, to make the proposal, who became so enamoured with her himself, as to rob the prince of his mistress. I had this from the mouth of Mr. Vaughan.

He succeeded better with a young lady, with whom I was acquainted, and whom I had lost for some time. Walking in Windsor-park, I was accosted by a female, strolling there alone. It was on a sunday, and the Duke was in London, where he made a point of always going on that day, in order to attend court. I had quite forgotten her, but she soon made herself known to me. She was so elegantly and bewitchingly dressed, as would have corrupted an anchorite, under the temptation she held out, which was a pressing request, that I would accompany her to the Lodge; but having acquainted me with her situation, I was not only too loyal, but had her happiness too much at heart, to break through the rules of decorum, endanger her removal and snatch a favor so ill-judged and so contrary to what I thought right. This lady lived with the Duke two or three years; she died whilst with him, and he was inconsolable at the loss.

Would I could impress this idea of honour, on our modern men of gallantry! I know the passion is to be overcome, having tried it, and found myself able to withstand the most frequent and strongest temptations of a very handsome young woman, the wife of a neighbour in the country; though at that time, I was a widower and in the prime of life. If a man is determined to do wrong, let him of two

evils, chuse the *least*, and not, in order to gratify himself, wound the happiness of another.

When his royal Highness died, he was much regretted at Windsor, where in the improvements he made, he employed all the poor around him, so as to keep himself continually in want of money; but he had a art of getting more when he wanted it, superior to most men. I had it from very good authority, that Lord Trevor was applied to by a gentleman, when the bishopric of Durham was vacant, saying, that if he wished his brother to be the bishop, it might be brought about, on his advancing the Duke of Cumberland £10,000, who was in immediate want of it, to go to Newmarket. The money was advanced, and his brother was the bishop.

At another time he obtained a loan of the like sum, from his sister, the Princess Amelia, whom he importuned very much—she took him to task, arraigned his dissipated conduct, and said she never would be instrumental to it. He assured her that the money he wanted was to complete an improvement in Windsor-Park, where it was well laid out, in employing the surrounding poor; and to convince her of it, proposed to take her down to inspect the works. He had at that time near five hundred men, digging a canal. She went to the Lodge, and he drove her round the park, in a one-horse chaise, and had so contrived it, with his manager, that, as she passed from one place to another, the same set of men, as in a theatre, removed to another spot; which, when she was brought to, were seen planting of trees; at another, five hundred men (the same) were found grubbing of hedges.—‘Well’ said she ‘brother, I had no conception of this, — you must employ near two thousand people.’—‘True madam,’ said he, ‘and was I to take you to the other side of the Park, I could shew you as many

more.' — No, — she was satisfied, that his money was better expended, than she had apprehended, and she lent him the sum he wanted. The truth of this was averred to me by an old servant, privy to the deception.

"The lives of princes, should like dials move,

"Whose regular example is so strong,

"They make the times by *them*, go right or wrong."

WEBSTER.



CHAP. VI.

Anecdotes of Miss Falkner, the celebrated Singer; Lord Hallifax, Miss Drury, Lord Buckinghamshire, Miss Montague Lord Hallifax's Daughter, by Mrs. Donaldson, and Leoni the Jew-Singer. — And the Lord Chancellor's address to Miss Montague.

MARYBONE-Gardens being my home, it may be expected, perhaps, that I should say something of the performers there, as of public characters. These were scarce worth the notice of the reader, except Miss Falkner, the then celebrated singer of the age, of whose history I will relate some few traits.

Women, and those possessed of a moderate share of beauty, launched into this mode of life, let them be ever so circumspect in their conduct, meet the censure of the world; and in cases, where they *do* fall off from virtue, allowing for the many temptations they are exposed to, and in very early life, they are more to be pitied than condemned. Her profession and a variety of incidental circumstances considered, she was a woman of a thousand, and amid a croud of exalted admirers and profuse offers, she kept her character unimpeached. The chief of her admirers were the Earl of Hallifax, Lord Vane, the husband of the celebrated Lady of that name, and Sir George Saville, afterwards Earl of Mexborough; but she was deaf to every improper application, and gave her hand in marriage to a Mr. Donaldson, a young man, the son of a Linen-drapeer, with a small fortune, though brought up in the line of a gentleman. His narrow circumstances obliged her to continue her profession some few years after, and Donaldson being out of employ and extravagant, all she could earn was not sufficient to support them in any degree of comfort.

Of Lord Vane, having been acquainted with him, I can say with truth, that though his lady whom I also knew, was pleased to hold him forth to the public, in Smollet's novel of *Peregrine Pickle*, in a very ridiculous light, he was weak only in respect to his wife — as a man of understanding he was above par, and in general company would eclipse the whole in conversation.

Lord Hallifax found his way to the ear of Donaldson, and made such proposals to him and to his wife, as were listened to, first by him and then by her. Donaldson was given to understand, that if he would relinquish his wife, Lord Hallifax would make ample provision, both for him and his infant son, and to her he promised, not only a settlement, but that if a divorce could be obtained, he would marry her.

Though this negociation for another man's wife is illegal, yet it bars the husband from any action at law for damages. He may recover his wife back at any time, but he cannot sue the adulterer. It is on this principle, that a man is sometimes known to sell his wife at market. He has no power so to do, and can at any time recall her; but he cannot prosecute the buyer.

Donaldson acquiesced with Lord Hallifax's proposals and had an appointment in Jamaica, worth £1,200 a year. A very handsome settlement was made on his wife, and an elegant house built for her on Hampton-Court Green. She lived with this nobleman till he died, and had a daughter by him. On his death he left her, his seat at Stansted, in Sussex, worth near £3,000 a year, and she afterwards married Colonel B——: a very large fortune he also left to Miss Montague, his daughter.

A few years after I had some conversation with Donaldson on this subject; he told me that proposals had been made to him, to

suffer a divorce to take place; but that he was determined to the contrary, expecting no doubt to out-live his Lordship, and by receiving his wife again, benefiting himself by what he might leave her. He died before Lord Hallifax, but his Lordship, being then more secure in his possession, did not marry her.

Lord Hallifax acted handsomely by all her relations, brought up, educated, and provided for her son; put her brother into the army, in which he died a major; procured him a place worth £600, a year, in North Carolina, and provided for her sister, whose husband had deserted her. — Here are the advantages of a state-officer, and such often is the wise disposal of official places.

Well however as Mrs. Donaldson conducted herself, (for a gentleman who lived at Hampton Court, assured me, that she was so much esteemed, that the ladies were much inclined to visit her) and much as his Lordship might regard her, the temptation of a considerable property with a wife, induced him to think of a second, as he had done of a first. Money was his object in his first marriage. He married the daughter of a rich tradesman, Mr. Dunk, a sadler, and under the compulsion of this man's will, that whoever married his daughter must be a sadler, and change his name to Dunk; he condescended to degrade himself, was bound as an apprentice to a sadler, purchased his freedom, and changed his name; so that through his life he wrote his name Dunk Hallifax.

General Drury left two daughters with very large fortunes, the eldest of whom, afterwards married to the Earl of Buckinghamshire, was proposed as a wife to Lord Hallifax, who had been a widower many years. He entered into a matrimonial treaty with this lady, and every thing was fixed for the marriage, except signing the articles. Mrs. Donaldson, notwithstanding, had sufficient influence and art to break off this match. Lord Hallifax had withdrawn himself for some time, and

she, hearing that his Lordship was to be at Vauxhall-Gardens with a party, a few evenings before the nuptial celebration, went there, took her daughter with her, met him in the walks, and requesting to speak with him for a few minutes, made so good use of the time, and played her part so well, with the assistance of her child, that all his former love returned and without making the least apology to his company, he left the gardens with Mrs. Donaldson, and thought of Miss Drury no more.

This young lady was afterwards, as I have said, the wife of the Earl of Buckinghamshire, brought about as I have been informed, in the following manner. My informant was a man of genteel figure and address, whom I chanced to meet with, and who said that he was the negotiator; but as I did not know him, I will not vouch for his veracity, but merely tell the story as he related it.

He assured me that knowing the Earl of Buckinghamshire was looking out for a rich wife, and Mrs. Drury, the mother of Miss, for a titled husband for her daughter, he first waited on the Earl and then on Mrs. Drury, pretending an acquaintance with each, though a total stranger to both. He enquired of Lord B——, whether he was disposed to change his condition; and on being asked — ‘Why this interrogation?’ told his Lordship, that a particular female friend of his, an amiable young lady, of family and great fortune, and not without many personal attractions, had seen him, and said some handsome things to him, in his Lordship’s favor, and he was convinced that it was in his power, to bring about a match. He was listened to, terms were proposed, and his Lordship acquiesced. But this man farther said, his Lordship must give him leave to tell the lady, that he had the honor of his friendship, or he could not introduce the subject so well; no objection being made to this, he waited on Mrs. Drury, told her that an intimate friend of his, an English Earl, a gentleman, young and handsome, had seen Miss Drury

at an assembly, and was quite smitten with her, and if her daughter was disengaged, he could, if she approved of it, negotiate an alliance with him, and requested Mrs. Drury to break it to her, and he would take another opportunity of waiting on her again for an answer. His proposal was approved, a second visit did the business; he was told that Miss Drury was disengaged, and had no objection to see his Lordship, if it could be done with propriety. This was easily arranged. He must pass for an acquaintance of Mrs. Drury's, and he should bring his friend some evening with him to tea. The reader will readily conceive the result of the first interview. The parties were agreeable to each other, and a short time made them man and wife. The negotiator had a thousand pounds for his trouble.

Miss Montague, Lord Hallifax's daughter, by Mrs. Donaldson, grew up a very fine young woman, and through her mother became acquainted with Leoni, the Jew-singer; and what is wonderful, with a fortune and attractions that would have empowered her, to throw her handkerchief at any man, however exalted in rank, she attached herself to this Jew, and would have married him; and it is said her mother encouraged it; but she was, fortunately for herself, a ward of chancery, and her fortune was there secured. Such is the effect of love, and being thrown into a certain class of society. Had her father lived, or her mother then been the wife of Colonel B——, Miss Montague would have walked in a different sphere of life; but on the death of her father, Mrs. Donaldson returned to little better than her former connexions, her husband being dead, and Miss saw scarce better company than Leoni, and persons of the same class. Application was however made to the Lord Chancellor, by her father's family, to prevent the alliance. He summoned both her and her mother into court, before him; addressed them publicly, and particularly told Miss Montague, that she might think it the happiest circumstance of her life, that her fortune was under the care of the Court of Chancery, of which

she was a ward; that of course, he was her guardian, and assuch, it was his duty to advise her, in a matter where her future happiness was so materially concerned: he complimented her on her beauty and her personal attractions, dwelt on the charms of her youth, and said, though not born in wedlock, her father had adopted her as a legitimate child, and considered her in the same light, with his other daughters, that she thus inherited, not only noble blood, but a noble fortune, which entitled her to look up to some gentleman equal to herself; that he hoped and trusted her affection for a father, who, on his dying bed, had shewn so much love and consideration for *her*, and the education she had received, would teach her to weigh the matter well, before she determined, and not throw herself away, and sacrifice her high birth and fortune to a connexion so low, as an alliance with a pauper, a Jew, one whom the law considered as a vagabond; that, whatever his private character might be, was not only an outcast of Israel, but professionally an outcast of society: that it was evident from a variety of evidence, which had been laid before him, he had no other object in view, in a marriage with her, but her money; *that* obtained, there was every prospect of her being deserted, for where there was no love, there would be, most probably, no honor, and that where there was neither love nor honor in the husband, a wife could expect but little happiness; — that if she, unfortunately, had any love for him, such considerations should abate it, and with a laudable and good resolution, a little time and absence would wholly obliterate it. — He was very severe upon the mother, reprehended her conduct in the most pointed terms, overwhelmed them both with tears, and ended by saying, that the laws of this country had wisely placed young ladies, circumstanced as she was, under their guardianship, and let *her* determination be what it might, *his* was, that in case she did not profit by his advice, he would take care to secure her fortune, as long as he was able.

Miss Montague soon forgot what she had heard, in Lincoln's-Inn Hall, and being still rashly bent on bestowing her hand on this man;

her friends could only rescue her by the following means. They tampered with Leoni, and finding, Jew-like, that money was the only object he had in view, bought him off for the sum of £2,000, and he deserted her. — She afterwards married a young gentleman of Ireland, a barrister, whose name is Archdale.

Surely there is something in blood and half blood! — The conduct of this lady shews it: so has the conduct of Mrs. Leigh, the natural daughter of the late Lord Le de Despencer; so well known by her intrigue with the Gordons; and whom I knew. When she was about eight years of age, I thought her one of the most beautiful children I ever saw.



CHAP. VII.

Anecdotes of Sir William Fowler.—Strange mode of a Minor's raising money;— Other modes of raising it.—Anecdotes of Rowan Hamilton, Esq.— Author takes Orders.—The abuse of Titles for Orders exemplified, by an Anecdote.—Remarks on the State of the Clergy.—Tithes, no grievance.—Difficulty of getting Ordained.—Archbishop of York's liberal Construction of the Laws of Ordination.—Anecdote of Barrington, Bishop of Durham.

AMONG my youthful friends, I must reckon Sir William Fowler, a young gentleman, who though possessing a good heart, had an unfortunate end. He was one of the drunken party in which Miss Bell, at Marybone, fell a victim to debauchery. The party was Willy Sutton, of the Devizes, the elder brother of James Sutton, representative of that borough, whose sister married Lord Sidmouth, and Moody the late comedian. The public is well acquainted with this unhappy affair, in which Miss Bell received a wound from Mr. Sutton, which though not a mortal one, under the inflamed state of her blood, at that time, proved her death. Mr. Sutton was tried at the Old Bailey, for murder, and acquitted. Sir William, to avoid a trial, or appearing against his friend, went abroad, procured a commission in the Austrian service; but, not finding the officers of his regiment disposed to associate with him, till this matter, which had got wind there, was cleared up, he shot himself.

To shew to what length, a drunken frolic will sometimes carry a man; this party often met, before a prosecution was commenced, and one evening in their cups, (I am well informed) talking the matter over, and saying, that they all deserved to be hanged, and ought to be so; in order to expiate the guilt, and seeing a staple in the ceiling, they agreed to draw lots, who should suffer, deter-

mining in a desperate mood, that he who drew the lot, should die, by the hands of the others. Sir William Fowler drew this lot, and insisted on its being carried into execution. They laughed at the idea, but he said that his *honor* was at stake, and if they would not hang him, he would hang himself; he accordingly took off his garter, got upon the table, tied himself up to the staple, kicked away the table, and it was with some difficulty that they could save him.

This young gentleman, a minor, but heir to a good estate, under a scanty allowance, found out a mode of occasionally supplying his present wants, unpractised, I believe, by our young men of fashion. He was in credit with his taylor, and as the mode then was to wear laced cloathes, he would order two or three suits at a time, as rich with lace as could be made, and when brought home send for a pawn-broker, and get as much cash upon them as he could.

I took the opportunity of introducing this anecdote, to point out the absurdity of abridging young men of fortune too much in their allowance; it is too often done from prudential motives, but little answers the purpose. Many a man half ruins himself, with annuities, post-obits, &c. before he takes possession of his estate. It is a pity but some means could be devised, to prevent this. I am not sorry when I hear that those, who furnish *such* young men with money, and the means of raising it, under a large interest, lose it; — if they lost it oftener, it might check the evil.

Gentlemen have now found out another mode of borrowing money; my informant was Mr. Elderton, the Auctioneer, who, at times, had great part of the stock of shopkeepers to sell, and who was frequently called upon to advance five or six hundred pounds, upon an unfashionable, or, from long exposure, a soiled stock, in order to accommodate a buyer in want of such a sum, who applies to this shopkeeper for

credit, and who pays for these goods by a note of hand, at twelve or eighteen months, and after the expences of attending the sale of them, does not perhaps receive more than ten or twelve shillings in the pound. Thus does such a man pay sixty or eighty per cent, for the loan. — The shopkeeper runs the risk of this large sum, but takes care not to give the credit, where there is the least likelihood of losing the money.

A more economical plan was made use of by an acquaintance of mine, who now and then at a gaming-table, was in want of a few hundreds, from ill luck, for a month or two; instead of having recourse to Jews, and borrowing at an exorbitant interest, he gave a diamond-ring, which he wore, a single stone, worth £500, in pledge, and put on a paste one he had, made to resemble it, which cost him five guineas.

I once rescued Sir William Fowler, from the effects of a midnight frolick, which had confined him and his friends in St. Martin's round-house, for an assault upon lamps and upon watchmen. I brought there a Westminster Justice, who for a Portugal piece of 36s. and a bottle or two of wine, interfered with the constable of the night, and procured his release. It was against the order of justice, but the rotation-offices were not then established and justice was at sale. I was as happy once in getting the Earl of Effingham released from the Poultry Compter, who was brought in there, one saturday night, for wantonly, in liquor, breaking a lamp; — the keeper could not release him, saying, no magistrate sat on sunday and he must wait there till monday; but going there to do my sunday duty, for I was, at that time, chaplain to the Compter, I argued the case with the keeper, wrote a note to Mr. Stephenson, then Lord Mayor, prevailed on him to hear the cause, and his Lordship was released immediately on his own bail. He was not made acquainted with this piece of service I did him, nor did I inform him. I wanted not his thanks; — I did only as I would be done by.

Voltaire says, a man that drinks is never melancholy; it is on this principle, I suppose, that men who resort to it, do it, to banish reflection

and drive away care ; but I contend, that it produces, in general, more care than it obliterates ; it brings on unpleasant consequences, independent of unpleasant feeling ; witness the anecdotes here mentioned. Not one in ten thousand die by poison, say the Chinese, yet the bare mention of it strikes with horror. — What multitudes fall by intemperance, yet how little is it feared !

Historical abstracts without reflections are generally dull and insipid ; it was on this occasion that Polybius swelled his narrations by an intermixture of observations. Books of meditation, also, like Hervey's, consisting of narration and reflexion, are generally read with pleasure ; and I trust these memoirs will demonstrate the propriety of such a mixture.

Just such another wild, excentric character as Sir William Fowler, was Rowan Hamilton, Esq. the gentleman who took so leading a part in the late Irish rebellion. About the year, 1772, he had at the age of twenty-two or twenty-three, just come into possession of his estate, and was profusedly squandering it in company that disgraced him. — He associated with a club of young men that were half mad, who paraded the town at night, committing depredations on lamps, watchmen and girls of the town, and ill-treating women of character whom they met with in the streets. They were distinguished by the name of Mohocks. — Knowing something of him and his family, I took the liberty of taking him to task for his conduct, representing to him how unworthy it was of the character of a gentleman to be seen in such company, and to pursue such disgraceful measures. He listened to me with great attention, thanked me for my friendly advice, and promised amendment. He was a young man of very elegant manners and had a silken tongue that dropped ambrosia as he spoke ; but he had an unfeeling heart, as ferocious as a tiger. He took a young creature from a convent abroad, and used to beat her unmercifully for the most trivial errors.

This young man's excentricity extended so far, as to dress his girl in man's attire, and take her so equipped, to all public places. He kept a taylor employed in contriving a variety of fancied dresses for himself, such as imagination could devise. Being a handsome man, and a striking figure, he conceived that he might do as he pleased; sometimes he wore a Hungarian dress, sometimes a Polish, and at others, habits bordering on both, and not like any thing before seen; so that in the streets he had continually a crowd after him. He had a house at Belfont, near Hounslow, to which he often travelled in a post-chaise with sixteen horses and eight postillions, and as fast as they could get along, regardless either of accident or mischief on the road. In short, I was led to consider him as cracked, and his subsequent conduct has favoured the idea.

Being now of sufficient age to take orders, and my father enjoining it, I determined to conform; not from any prospect of provision in that profession, but merely with a view of getting my own living. We had but little acquaintance among the clergy, and of course I found getting into orders difficult. The chief bar was not having a title, that is, an appointment to a curacy, given under the hand of some incumbent, and from which he cannot remove the curate afterwards, whilst he thinks proper to employ assistance; 'till that curate is otherwise provided for: a mode established, to the intent that no greater number of clergymen shall be ordained than the church can employ. If a bishop ordains a deacon unprovided for, he is obligated to maintain him at his own expence. This makes bishops cautious, as to whom they ordain, and incumbents cautious to whom they grant a title; yet, the latter frequently do, some to procure a curate, others to serve a friend. An extraordinary case once occurred, that puts the clergy more on their guard.

Mr. Martin, still living, was an ensign in the Guards, but desirous of changing his profession, he applied to his friend, Dr. Hind, the rector of St. Ann's, Soho, London, to get him into orders and appoint him his

curate. This request was complied with and Martin was ordained. Having served the church some time, a dispute arose between him and his rector and he wished to remove him, but Martin was licensed and would not resign. This occasioned great anger and great quarrels; one aggravation led on to another, 'till at last the parish took it up, and as great part of the revenue of the church arose from the voluntary contributions of the people; what should have been given to the rector, was given to the curate. This occasioned an application from the rector to the bishop, and from the bishop to the archbishop; who could devise no relief but removing the rector to another living. This was done, and the succeeding rector serving the church himself, which the former rector, from some infirmity, was unable to do; Mr. Martin was dismissed; but he threatened to follow his quondam rector to his new living: there however a curate was already fixed. His intemperate conduct, so offended the clergy in general, and the case being made very public, no one would employ him; he of course, dropped his profession as hastily, as he took it up, and became a cutler and hardwareman in Castle-street, Leicester-fields.

My father exerted himself to procure me a title, but could not succeed. The late Earl of Stanhope, a friend to our family, took up my cause. He was intimately acquainted with Dr. Gilbert, then archbishop of York; to whom he related my case in writing, and requested his Lordship, if he found me otherwise qualified, to ordain me; saying, that as he presumed titles for orders were enjoined by law, merely to indemnify the bishop ordaining, from any expence; he pledged his honor, that I never should be troublesome to him. With this letter I went to York, and saw the archbishop, who refused me ordination, on this application; rejecting the letter, with disdain, and a 'What do *Lords* know of the business?'

This was the haughty prelate that refused admittance into the Cathedral of Salisbury, to the mayor and corporation of the city, when he

was bishop of that See. Gilbert Burnet, of very respectable memory, was formerly bishop of that diocese, and on an inn-keeper of the city, being asked by a traveller, in Gilbert's time, Who was their bishop? shrewdly replied, 'It *was* Gilbert *Burnet*; but *now*,' shaking his head, 'Burn it, 'tis Gilbert.'

I don't know any thing which requires a greater reform, than the state of the clergy; as *brethren* they should be more upon a level, not so much for their own sakes, as for that of religion; for themselves, it would be only lowering the pride of the exalted, and raising the humility of the oppressed. It may be necessary to keep up a subordination in the church, but it is not necessary, for its dignity, that any of its professors should have five or six thousand pounds a year, and be called *My Lord*. In Scotland, where religion is as much respected as in any country in the world; few of its professors have more than £200 a year; but if it is requisite, where episcopacy is established, to have several subordinate classes of clergy, bishops should have sufficient to place them above acts of simony; to enable them yearly or oftener, to visit the remotest parts of their dioceses, and keep an open table occasionally for the reception of their clergy. Fifteen hundred pounds a year would be sufficient for this purpose, and then archdeacons might be dispensed with; as should a bishop at any time be ill, he might depute some rector to officiate for him, as judges do the serjeants at law, in their respective circuits. The clergy in France, Holland, and the Roman Catholic clergy in Ireland, have no such large incomes, and yet a proper subordination is observed; and they are comfortably and honorably provided for; but so great is the present disparity, in the income of our clergy, that many incumbents have £2,000 pounds a year, whilst others have not £30, and let a man's living be as great as it may, he never thinks of giving his curate more than it is in the power of his Diocesan to compel him.

The circumstance of tithes, is a great grievance to farmers. Instead of paying one *tenth* to the rector, they pay sometimes even a

third of their profits. For example, admit that an acre of ground, produces five pounds upon an average, the tenth of five pounds is ten shillings; now, what is the farmer's gains out of these five pounds? He pays perhaps 25s. rent, 5s. taxes and 40s. for tillage, &c. in the whole £3 10s. so that his gains are only £1 10s. and as the rector receives 10s. out of this £1 10s. it is a third part of the farmer's profits. And it is often more, for all land does not produce £5. on an average, per acre, £4. will be nearer the mark; if worse in quality, and let at 20s. per acre, instead of 25s; say expences £3 5s. (for tillage and taxes would be the same) take this £3 5s. from £4, and the remainder is only 15s. out of which take 8s. the tenth of £4 viz. the tithe paid to the rector, and it makes the rector's profits more than the farmer's; leaving him only 7s.

But, on the other hand, was the farmer to be a man of business and a calculator, he would have no reason to complain; for if he acted as other men in business do, that is, first consider the out-goings, &c. then the produce, he would be able to judge, whether the net profits would be sufficient for his maintenance. A man, before he takes a farm, should examine the soil, then take into consideration the rent, the taxes, the tithe, the impositions of his landlord, that is to say, what he exacts of his tenant more than the rent, whether fetching of coals, keeping of dogs, &c. the distance of markets, interest of his stock, and other disadvantages; and then the probable average of crops for seven years; and if he finds, deducting all out-goings, that the net profits are equal to his wishes; he should submit to all those expences and disadvantages without a murmur; but, if he finds the profits unequal, he should decline the farm: other farmers doing the same, the landlord, if he means to let his *land*, must reduce the rent; in which case, all the expences and disadvantages ultimately fall upon himself: for the landholder is in fact the cultivator. Whether he tills the ground himself, by servants, or by tenants; whether he pays his labourers by the day, by the week, by the year, or by a participation of

the produce of the land; either in kind or in coin, it is equally the same. — The tenant is no other than an agent, and has no reason to complain, if his earnings enable him to provide for himself and his family.

Why should not a young man be bound an apprentice to an intelligent farmer, as well as to men of other business? There is far as much need for it—and, did they, prior to this, receive a suitable education; by their improvements in agriculture, the state would be benefited, as well as themselves. There are, I am told, some young men who are put out to farmers, to learn their business; but not as apprentices, to do any work; of course the farmer is paid in proportion to his expence and trouble of instructing them. Mr. Frost, the King's farmer, has received £300 with a young man for five years; but if farmers would take apprentices and make them work, they could afford to take them for seven years, for fifty pounds or less.

Farmers are uneducated men, and cannot enter into the calculation I have pointed out; to quiet therefore what I call their unreasonable complaints; perhaps it would be prudent in the legislature, to devise some other mode of paying the clergy. And yet, there are some who are amazingly shrewd men, and know that if they expend more on the tillage, than the crop will repay, their profits will be proportionably reduced, and the Parson only will be the gainer.

An artful rector said once to a man who occupied his own land 'In my opinion Farmer, was you to remove the stones from this ground, drain it, dung it well and thoroughly plow it, you might raise much better crops.' — 'True, sir,' said he, 'You are quite right, — and if you will take this ground of me and do all you recommend, I'll ask no rent; — I shall be satisfied if you will give me the tithe.'

Foiled in my first attempt to procure ordination, I was still more unwilling to take orders; for I am convinced that in making me a clergyman, my father spoilt a good layman: however, he thought otherwise, and procuring a title for me in Wiltshire, I submitted to his decision of my fate. I was appointed curate of Enford, in Wilts, and was ordained by Dr. Thomas, bishop of Salisbury. — Among the papers necessary for ordination, I had a college-testimonial for the time I was there; a certificate from the minister and churchwardens of the parish of Marybone, where I lived;—of my being asked in church the sunday before ordination* and a testimonial of my good life and conversation, for the time since I left the University, signed by the resident-curate of the parish; a clergyman who kept a school at Paddington, but who had a rectory in Norfolk, and a minor-canon of Westminster, afterwards Confessor of the King's household. These papers the bishop deemed not sufficient; he said that as neither of the gentlemen who had signed my testimonial, were of *his* diocese, he knew them not; and that it was necessary that I should obtain certificates of *their* characters, from their respective Diocesans. When I waited on the bishop, I was accompanied by a friend, a clergyman of his diocese, Dr. Henry Kent, of Pottern, near the Devizes, so well known to the bishop, that he was in treaty of marriage with his niece, and of course, I was received by his Lordship very cordially; and though this friend said he would sign my testimonial and urged the short space of time there was between that and the public day of ordination; the bishop was stiff to his text—he could not proceed in so informal a manner—he was responsible for his conduct to the Archbishop—I must write to London and get the necessary certificates. My father wrote to the bishop of Norwich, in whose diocese, the schoolmaster at Paddington had a rectory, and his answer was, ‘That gentleman

* This is announcing the name of the candidate for holy orders, in his own parish, in the middle of the service, by the officiating minister, and saying, That if any person can shew cause, why he should not be ordained, he is then to declare it.

does not reside, of course I do not know him, and not knowing him, I cannot sign his certificate.' — He waited on the bishop of London at Fulham, and his Lordship ordered his secretary to make out the certificate for the curate of Marybone, and he would sign it. — 'Sign the certificate, my Lord, of one who is not licensed?' exclaimed the secretary. — 'If that is the case,' said the bishop, 'I cannot sign, it is informal.' My father waited also on the bishop of Rochester, as dean of Westminster, for the minor-canon's certificate, who said he would immediately write to the bishop of Salisbury. I had already been examined, and only waited for these papers. These returns were received on the very day of ordination, and though they did not answer the bishop of Salisbury's expectation, and he was at a loss how to act from the informality of them, yet as the bishop of Rochester had given the minor-canon so excellent a character, he said he would ordain me on *his* recommendation alone. I detail all these particulars, to point out to those who sue for orders, how necessary it is, that they should study to comply with forms; in order to save trouble and prevent disappointment; and to contrast the conduct of the bishop of Salisbury, with that of Dr. Markham, archbishop of York, and his liberal construction of the ecclesiastical law. — A gentleman who served many years in the army, and retired on captain's half-pay, desirous of taking orders at the age of forty, applied to the archbishop of York, to whom he was a stranger. The archbishop made allowances for his want of classical knowledge, saying, Latin and Greek was no part of the education of a soldier; admitted that his half-pay was equal to any title for orders, and having no clergyman among his acquaintance, ordained him, as I am told, on the recommendation of his brother-officers.

Barrington, bishop of Durham however thought otherwise. It is said, that he refused to ordain a near *relation*, because not regularly bred; and gave him an annual pension out of his own income, rather than break through established rules.

CHAP. VIII.

*A Remarkable Dream and its result — Of Lords Littleton and Lothian —
Observations on Rank — Anecdotes of Edward Duke of York and others.*

BEFORE I lose sight of York, I must relate a very extraordinary circumstance, that occurred just before I came there, and was the public conversation of the place. As it is the effect of a dream, at which I used to smile, when talked of seriously, yet as the cause it produced was heard at the assizes of York, and a verdict of a jury stamped its authenticity, I venture to mention it.

It happened at Bedale, where I passed three months, when I was in Yorkshire, and became acquainted with Mr. Brown, the curate of the parish, and he assured me, (though he admitted that the people there, were very superstitious) that the story I am going to relate was in every point true.

A young woman, whose father kept a public house, in Bedale, dreamt that a person told her, that if she went and looked under a pedestal, on which stood a bee-hive in a garden, belonging to one who lived about a mile and a half from the town, she would find a pot of money. She related this to her father, who took no notice of it; a second night she dreamt the same, and urged her father to go with her and search, but he only smiled at the account. A third night she dreamt it again and importuning her father one day, in the tap-room, to go with her, he was angry. Two labouring men, however, who were drinking in the room, told her, in the absence of her father, that if she would keep the secret, they would accompany her to the spot, and it was agreed, that they should go, unknown to the family, the following night, after twelve o'clock. They went as proposed, and according to the girl's account, in court, though she had not been that way before, it was so clearly

pointed out to her, in her dream, that she presently found the place, the garden, and the bee-hive; that on removing it, and the pedestal, and digging into the ground, the pot was discovered. — ‘There,’ cried she, ‘it is!’ — but these rascals, willing to keep the prize to themselves, said it was only a broken potsherd, and, pretending alarm, lest they should be discovered, filled in the ground and placed the hive as it was. The girl, now a little frightened, wished to return; they accompanied her home, and as it appeared, went afterwards by themselves and secured the money. The girl was silent, but these men appearing flushed with cash, and one of them, soon after, giving his daughter £50 in marriage, it created suspicion in the young woman, who related the matter to her father, and he applied to Mr. Pearse, a magistrate, and Lord of the Manor. They were brought before him, confessed that they had found near £500, in money, and a gold medal. Mr. Pearse desired to see the medal, it was brought, and apparently of the value of £20. He then told them, that, as Lord of the Manor, every thing found within a certain depth of soil belonged to him, but that if they would give the girl some part of the money, they had left, and the medal to him, they were welcome to the remainder. Not giving the girl more than five guineas, her father was dissatisfied, and was urged, by an attorney, to bring the affair before a jury. He did so, and was nonsuited, on the principle Mr. Pearse had proceeded on. This *honest* attorney, to put a few pounds into his own pocket, almost ruined his client.

I shall hereafter have occasion to mention, a remarkable dream of my own, which was the means of essentially serving me, by closely attending to it. Why may not dreams be intimations from on-High, given for good purposes now, as they have been of old? There is no reason to suppose the contrary. — ‘How unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past finding out!’

Lord Littleton’s dream, and his consequent death, is in the memory of almost every one. He dreamt that Mrs. Armfield, the mother of

two young ladies whom he had debauched, appeared to him, and told him, among other things, that he should die on a certain day, at twelve o'clock. As a lively dissipated man, he thought so little of it, though he dreamt it more than once, that he invited a party of friends to breakfast, on the morning it was to take place, and was so well and chearful, an hour before twelve, as to say, 'Come, if I live an hour longer, I shall cheat the ghost.' — It is sufficient to say, he was taken ill soon after, and died at twelve. The late George Paine, Esq. of Brookland, Surry, near Weybridge, was of the party, and assured me of the truth of it. But I shall take another opportunity of giving my opinion on the subject of dreams.

Discoursing one day, with Mr. Brown, on the various religious sects, arising from misinterpretations of Scripture, he said, it was a doubt with him, whether interest did not make more proselytes, than opinion or faith, and instanced, in a butter-factor, that travelled that country, not only to buy butter wholesale, but to retail out certain doctrines of the gospel. He pretended to more purity than other men, and laboured to make converts wherever he went. This man was a methodist, and finding that I was designed for the church, made me a visit, with an attempt to bring me over to his way of thinking, but he was so ignorant of what he attempted to teach, that I could not listen to him, and so unprincipled in morals, that he shortly after ran away with another man's wife. It was a seasonable lesson for me, and I have often thought of it since.

It may be an uncharitable thought, but I declare from observations I have made, and from what I have seen, and known, — that persons of this sect, whether their outward sanctity is merely an affectation made use of to answer political purposes, or as a cloke to conceal a bad disposition; or whether it arises from the doctrine their preachers teach; that as before regeneration every good act 'is an abomination to the Lord,'

so, after regeneration, 'those who are born of God cannot commit sin' every thing they do, being accepted of him, as well-intended and good. I say whether either of these reasons operate in their justification, —they seem to have less honor, less justice, less charity for mankind, and less pure religion than other men. It is said of Cromwell, that in his last moments, he asked Godwin, one of his preachers, whether the doctrine was true that the *elect* could never fall or suffer final reprobation? 'Nothing more certain,' replied the preacher.' 'Then am I safe,' said the Protector, 'for I am sure that *once* I was in a state of grace.'

Mr. Brown had not been educated at any university; and of the dead languages, Latin was the only one he knew. Having travelled to Chester, for ordination, he was examined by the bishop's chaplain; for I believe it seldom happens that bishops themselves are adequate to the task of examining candidates for orders. A bishop's examination for promotion to a see, is little more, I conceive, than What are your connexions? Who can you influence and what votes in parliament can your relatives muster? Parliamentary influence is the sovereign, that signs the *conge-d'elire*, and seats a man in the episcopal chair, in spite of a *nolo episcopari*.* By the time a man becomes a bishop, he forgets his Latin and Greek and of course deposes the office of examining candidates for orders, to a better scholar, at least such was the case of Peploe, then bishop of Chester. Mr. Brown was examined by his lordship's chaplain, and refused orders for insufficiency of learning. He was unacquainted with Greek; Greek was thought necessary for a clergyman, and as Mr. Brown could not construe the Greek testament, he could not be ordained. Mortified at the disappointment, and hurt at the expence of the journey, he returned home, and, for some time, tried to make himself acquainted with the language. Conceiving himself, now, tolerably versed in it, and hoping to meet with a more

* One of the forms in making a bishop is, that though the priest has moved heaven and earth to obtain the bishopric, he is going to receive, he still cries out in the formulary, *I will not be a bishop*.

favourable examiner, he took another journey to Chester. Unfortunately the same Cerberus stared him in the face, and he had no sop to charm him; this determined him to see the bishop himself, and to request to be examined by *him*, saying he conceived that he had now a sufficient knowledge of the Greek language to pass an examination for deacon's orders. Mr. Brown was personally known to the bishop, having been appointed by him to officiate as deacon, though not ordained: this Bishop making it a rule, that candidates for orders should accustom themselves to reading the church-service, for some time, prior to ordination, that they might not jump into the profession, without having a due sense of religious rites and the office they were about to undertake. The bishop, however, would have referred the task of examining him to his chaplain, but Brown objected, urging that his chaplain had borne hard upon him, when he was there before. The bishop finding Mr. Brown importunate in his request, and fearing a refusal might redound to his discredit, at last consented. A prayer-book was brought and he was desired to read one of the articles of the Church of England into Greek. The very proposal staggered him, however reading the first sentence, he made an attempt to translate it. The first two words, by chance, he knew, but stuck at the third. The bishop bid him go on, — he could not, and begged to be assisted. Conscious of his own incapacity, the bishop said, — Pass that word and go to the next. Brown conceiving that his examiner knew as little of Greek as himself, still urged to be made acquainted with the Greek translation of the first sentence, saying it would lead him on to the remainder. The good old man not being able to overcome the difficulty, without betraying his ignorance, said, 'Give me the book,' and then, under pretence of not being able to read the small print, urged him again to pass the first sentence and go on to the next. It could not be complied with, and for very obvious reasons. — The bishop rang his bell, — called for his spectacles — then for a book of a larger print, — all would not do — he could not see — *for* — he could not *translate* it. — Mr. Brown now convinced, that his lordship was no better scholar than

himself, plucked up courage, passed the first sentence, as desired, and rumbled and rattled over the remainder, in a parcel of hard sounding words with Greek terminations. Go on, cried the bishop, — go on, — and when Brown left off, very good-naturedly expressed, more than once, a surprise at the stupidity of his chaplain, in reporting a man ignorant of the Greek language, who had it so fluently at his tongue's end, and bad him attend on the day of ordination. Mr. Brown declared the truth of this to me.

Whilst I was at Salisbury, waiting the return of my father's answer, respecting the testimonials required by the bishop; I waited on Lord Newbattle, now Marquis of Lothian, who was then quartered at an inn, in the town, and to whom I was well-known in the earlier part of my youth; he received me with that friendly cordiality, it was natural to expect. I mention this to contrast it with a future meeting about twelve or fourteen years after, at the house of a nobleman with whom I was on a visit, in London, as I have before related, in Chapter II, and where he affected not to know me. When we met at Salisbury, he was but a boy, his rank in the regiment. an ensign, and being put into the army immediately on leaving school, he had not imbibed those prejudicial ideas of rank and birth, which Lord Chesterfield calls the narrow notions of the mind, and that wretched mistaken succedanium for merit, which, as I have already observed, taint the manners of our men of fashion: but at our future meeting, he was Marquis of Lothian, Knight of the order of the Thistle, a general officer, and possessed of a large fortune, quite sufficient, according to *his* ideas, to change his very nature; which, without these illustrious appendages might have been easy, affable and amiable. I was not introduced to him at this last meeting, 'tis true, but my name having been more than once mentioned in his hearing, he must have recollected me. Indeed the present Lord Deerhurst, whom I had not seen, since he had the misfortune to lose his sight, (a space of nine years,) was introduced, whilst we were together,

and he condescended not only to know me, even by my voice, but conversed with me in a very friendly manner.

Men of rank little know how amiable affability renders them in the eyes of the world; how many friends it procures them, and on the contrary, how despicable they appear under an affected character of greatness, annexed to rank and fortune only, not supported and sanctioned by worth. — Whilst it draws on them the sneers of men of sense, it creates them a thousand enemies. I doubt whether the emigrant nobles of France, who fled here, would not have been better received, by the people of this country, and their unhappy case have met with more commiseration, if our nobility had greater condescensions. They affect it on many occasions, but their proud hearts are too visible through the flimsy disguise. The distresses of the French noblesse have indeed taught them a lesson of humility, and shewn them how contemptible a figure they made in the eyes of a stranger, cutting out paper, and fabricating toys, for a maintenance; when standing in competition even with a British tradesman or mechanic. The Bishop of Troyes, with whom I was acquainted, formerly possessed £5,000 a year, but when an emigrant here, was reduced to the necessity of vending almanacks for a maintenance.

Before the day of ordination I went to Southampton, to pay a visit to a fellow-collegian, who was there settled, a clergyman. He had married a beautiful woman, with whom Edward, Duke of York, brother to his present Majesty, was very much enamoured; and so easy was her husband on the occasion, that he was generally of the party with his wife and the Duke, in the frequent jaunts which his Royal Highness proposed, in order to enjoy her company. I cannot help noticing on this occasion, that the private lives of princes are made up with those intrigues, which their rank and money afford them, and which is a disgrace to their moral and princely character; and the world is so dazzled with their rank, as to fancy they see perfections

in them, not inherent in other men. To hear and read of the detailed applause and encomiums that are almost daily blazoned forth in the public prints respecting them, must be not only disgusting to a number of readers, (it is particularly so to me,) but declaratory of the writer's ignorance and weakness.

My friend, with a kind of elation, told me, that being with the Duke once, on a party to the Isle of Wight, he suffered his wife and the Prince to enjoy a *tete-a-tete* in the state-room of the vessel, and on the Duke's leading her afterwards to the rest of the company, he said to him, 'Remember, if your wife has a child within nine months from this day, I stand god-father to it.' It so happened that my friend's wife *was* brought to bed of a girl much about the time; the Prince, then in London, being made acquainted with it, and solicited to name it, called it *Nerina*, as applicable to the occasion when the promise was made. It is wonderful how infatuating and dazzling rank is in the eyes of some persons! but I thought that the education which my friend had received, would have removed the glare, and taught him to see things, through their natural medium.

The Duke of York was quite at home, at Southampton, and there learned, from a gentleman, a very different lesson, than what he gathered from my friend. He was at all the balls, and there were two handsome young ladies, with whom he used frequently to dance. Princes are apt to take greater liberties than other men, and this from knowing that their attention conveys, in general, so much honor to the party they shew it to, as to make their company very much coveted; especially by the gentry, one degree removed below the first class of people. The vanity of these young ladies was much flattered by the Duke's attention, and it was said, that, wishing to improve the acquaintance, he proposed waiting on them, one morning, to breakfast, and to give them an airing in his phaeton. They accepted his offer, and told their father of it, on their return home, as a circumstance that

would raise them considerably in the eyes of their acquaintance. The father, a man of penetration and prudence, saw this intended visit in a very different light. Though a gentleman, he was a man but of small fortune, and foreseeing the bad consequences likely to ensue from an intimate acquaintance with the prince, he said, 'Girls, this visit of the Duke, I by no means approve. His situation in life is at so great a distance from yours, that there can be no prospect of any alliance between you and him, but what must end in your disgrace and unhappiness. His visit is not intended as a mark of respect either to you or to me, but carries with it a selfish design, that must be followed with dishonor; dress yourselves therefore early and go out to breakfast. I will receive his Royal Highness, and make a proper apology for your being from home.' They obeyed their father, went out, and when the Duke came, their father and mother were prepared to receive him. Breakfast was introduced, and the Prince was impatient to see the ladies. At last he was told, that necessity obliged them to be absent, on business of some importance, that could not be unattended to. The Duke was much mortified, and his carriage coming up to the door, he told the gentleman, that the disappointment was the greater, as in consequence of their promise to accompany him, a few miles out of town, he had ordered his phaeton, and had appointed some ladies to meet him where he was going; and that it would be extremely awkward for him to go there without some lady with him. The gentleman endeavoured to obviate this difficulty, by saying, that his wife would be happy to accompany his Royal Highness; that a jumble would do her good; for so phthysicky was she grown, and so afflicted with the hip-gout, that she had not been able to walk out for the benefit of the air, for twelve months past. The old lady chuckled, and the Duke by this time discovering his error, looked very much confused, affected a smile, made his bow, jumped into his carriage and drove off, as if the devil had been behind him. — What is a prince, without dignity?

CHAP. IX.

Part of the history of Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Salisbury — Dr. Bundy — Bon-mot of Dr. Howard — Humorous Anecdotes of him, Sir William Richardson, Sir Joseph Mawbey, and Sir Harry Cheere — Took the curacy of Ware — Author's abilities as a preacher — On pulpit oratory.

HAVING the honor, as I have observed, to be well received by the bishop of Salisbury, on my friend's account, who was with me; we breakfasted with him, and in the course of conversation, he gave us a little of his own history. He told us that the late Dr. Bundy and he, were brother-chaplains to the present King, when Prince of Wales; that they were fellow-collegians, and afterwards joint lecturers of St. Ann's, Soho, in London, and that when the King came to the throne, neither of them had sufficient interest to continue his chaplain;—that the cause of his promotion was owing to the following circumstance. Dr. Bundy had sent the King a copy of a book which he had written and published, who, on seeing the Queen, told her he had that day received a present from his old chaplain, Bundy; Miss Dives, then in waiting and with the Queen, and who was intimate with the Doctor, took the liberty to say, that Dr. Bundy *had been* his Majesty's chaplain, when Prince of Wales, but was not so *now*: this brought on an inquiry, and on Miss Dives's further saying, he had not interest to continue in his place, the King said he should be re-instated; sent for Dr. Bundy, and inquired into the truth of it. Dr. Bundy told his Majesty, it was but too true, and that his friend, Dr. Thomas, shared the same fate.—The King replied, 'Thomas shall be reinstated also,' and soon after, they were both appointed chaplains to his Majesty. Bundy did not long survive his appointment. He left behind him one child, a daughter, who afterwards married Mr. Thurman, a linen-draper, of Devizes, and when Dr. Thomas was removed from the See of Peterborough to that of Salisbury, he was very courteous and

kind to Mrs. Thurman, and had she had any family, would certainly have been of use to them.

The mention of Miss Dives, who was an old maid, reminds me of a bon-mot, of the facetious Dr. Howard, some time back Rector of St. George's, Southwark, and Chaplain to the Princess Dowager of Wales, and with whom Miss Dives then lived. Howard, one cold day in waiting, was standing with his back to the fire, in a room common to all the attendants; Miss Dives came in shivering, and cried, 'Stand away, Doctor, and be more civil; don't keep all the fire to yourself.' — 'Are you cold, madam?' replied he, — 'Cold?' retorts the lady, 'If you had any penetration, you might read it in my face.' — 'It is my misfortune, madam,' returned the Doctor, 'not to be able to read old print.'

This man was witty from nature, not *ill-nature*; he would be facetious, even in the pulpit, where it is least allowable. The celebrated Dr. South, was of this turn, 'The wages of sin' said he, 'are death,' and *poor* wages too, for a man can't live by them: and Sterne, in his discourse, that it was 'better to go into the house of mourning than into the house of feasting,' observed, that it might be so, for a Carthusian Monk, but not for us, men of the world, who mourn only the loss of enjoyment, — so Dr. Howard. It was well known that he lived too fast, and was involved in debt, but he was a pleasant companion and every one liked him. At a club of the principal tradesmen of his parish, the Doctor was one, and it being proposed by a friend, that those present, to whom he was indebted, should give him a discharge; a butcher, to whom he owed £50, agreed to the measure, provided he would preach a sermon, the Sunday following, on a text he should point out. It was acceded to, and the text given was, from our Saviour's parable of the unjust steward, 'Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.' The church was croud-

ed on the occasion, the Doctor expatiated largely on the powers of benevolence, and the virtue of forbearance, and closed his sermon with, 'thus, according to my text, Have patience with me, and I will pay you all, — but as to the manner *how*, and the time *when*, this must be left to some future opportunity.'

I am told that this Dr. Howard once received a considerable sum of money for the loan of his name to a bible, which was published, with annotations by *him*, but which he never wrote; all that he did was to revise the sheets. — I once was offered a hundred pounds to do the same, with this additional indulgence, that I should not have the trouble of revising the sheets or even inspecting them. This is a Paternoster-Row trick, to get off spurious editions under borrowed names.

This man Sir William Richardson used to tell a whimsical story of, that does not much redound so much to his credit, but it serves to shew, among other instances I have given, that learning, good-sense, and professional character do not always insure good principles or honor; Dr. Dodd is a glaring instance. Him I shall have occasion to speak of, in the course of this work.

Sir William's country seat was at a little distance from town, and his way there, through the Borough, and by Dr. Howard's house; and being a favorite of Sir William, he would often call upon him unexpectedly, and take him down in his carriage with him, for a few days, and bring him back again. The Doctor would sometimes excuse himself, saying, that he could not go, not being dressed. 'Never mind that,' says Sir William, 'we'll find you a shirt in the country, and would then apologise to Lady Richardson with 'I took the Doctor up, as I found him, and you must lend him a shirt or two of mine whilst he stays.' This was done daily, but he never pulled off the dirty one; merely put the clean one over it, and would thus take away

three or four with him. Sir William knew this, and only smiled at the trick, being happy thus to give him a shirt or two when he needed one.

Honor is that noble pride, that makes a man disdain to do a base or mean action, though it never should be known. But one is led to imagine, that a professional character would be a strong guard against a violation of it.

Now I am mentioning Sir William Richardson, take the following anecdote of his good sense. Sir Richard was only a city knight, Sir Joseph Mawbey on being created a baronet, became exceedingly vain of the title, and visited most of his friends upon the occasion. Among the rest he called on Sir William Richardson, and introducing his own promotion, said, he should have conceived, that from Sir William's great opulence and weight in the city, he might, if he pleased, have been created a *baronet*. Sir William's reply was, 'Though I thought proper to make a fool of myself, I did not hold it justifiable to make one of my son.' 'I am made a *baronet*,' said Sir Joseph, 'the devil you are!' exclaims Sir William, — 'aye,' continues Sir Joseph, — 'it will not rest here, — What would you say, if the King was to make me a *Lord*?' — 'I should say,' replies Sir William, 'O Lord! — O Lord!' Sir Joseph Mawbey moved heaven and earth to get to be created a peer, but could not succeed.

The facetious Marquis of Hallifax, who was first a baronet, then a baron, viscount, earl and marquis in succession, on being asked, by a friend, why he hung himself round so with bells and tinsels, in getting so many new titles; said, he had no excuse but this, 'that since the people were such fools as to value these matters, a man must be a fool for company-sake and consider them like rattles; yet as rattles please children, as such they may be of use to my family.'

It is well known that when Mr. Cheere, the statuary, was knighted, he made a point of calling on all his acquaintance, and introduced

the honor he had received, by saying, that though his Majesty had been pleased to confer a title on him, he should not overlook his old friends, but be always as glad to see them as before; and being at a club, soon after, and desired to give a lady for a toast, he rose from his chair, and filling a bumper, vociferated aloud, ‘*Sir Harry Cheere drinks Lady Cheere’s good health.*’

I introduce these anecdotes as I go along, to shew the folly of mankind in striking colours. — I hope the moral is equally striking. To introduce observations on *every* subject, would be an idle anticipation, leaving nothing to the reflection of the reader, and thus taking much off from the zest of the perusal. — Some persons censured my *Hogarthi moralized*, for the close observations I have made; saying, I had rather hurt the work intended to be explained than amended it, having left nothing for the imagination to work upon. — But it must be remembered that the paraphrase of that work was designed for youth, whose ignorance of life, without my remarks, would have left them still in the dark: of course, this censure was ill-judged.

Enford curacy was given me as a matter of temporary convenience, and the day I was ordained, I received a letter from my father, saying he had procured me a sunday-duty, in Hertfordshire. This urged me to refuse being licensed in the diocese of Wilts, in opposition to the bishop’s secretary, who studied his own interest much more than mine. I referred the matter to the bishop, who held with his secretary, that a licence should go hand in hand, with a title for orders; (there is no divesting a man of *self*!) but as I did not mean to continue an hour at Enford, having procured a curacy of twice its value, I reasoned with him on the absurdity of his enjoining it, and having every other necessary paper, left the licence already drawn up in his secretary’s possession, and the money in my own.

The duty provided for me was of short duration, but the pay was better than ordinary. It was that of Ware, in the County of Herts,

where I was appointed by the church-wardens to officiate, on sundays only, under a sequestration of the church; the rector being dead and no other appointed to succeed him.

The living of Ware is in the gift of Trinity-College, Cambridge. Dr. Webster was the rector, a very outré character, but a very sensible man, and a *good* preacher. The curate, who served the church at his death, was a strange dissipated man, very much given to drinking, and a *bad* preacher. The person who succeeded to the rectory was Dr. Franklin, Greek professor of the University, and 'till he came to reside there, I continued to perform the sunday-duty, which was long enough to make me known as a preacher, for many miles round; for, after the first sunday of my attendance, the church was crouded, people flocking there from all quarters, particularly from Hertford, a borough-town, within the distance of four miles; and the church-wardens were so satisfied that they increased my pay.

Having no one to record my abilities, as a preacher, but myself; and the approbation I met with in that line, having been the cause of a variety of incidents and events; it is necessary that I should inform my readers, that it was my pride to excel, and my early determination, that in whatever line of life I was thrown, it should be my study to reach the top of it, in excellence. I was much admired as a pulpit-orator, much caressed and much followed, and I trust I shall stand acquitted of vanity, in so saying, when some concomitant circumstances are made known. I had prepared a few good sermons, and found myself capable of composing others. I had a tolerable good voice, a good person, (being five feet eleven inches high) a better delivery, and an easy, graceful action. There are thousands living, that know the truth of this;—they are all necessary qualities for a good preacher. Indeed, that there might be living witnesses of the truth of what I have advanced, in these pages, was one material motive for my publishing the work before Time had consigned them, as well as myself, to an under-ground region.

Action, in a pulpit, may possibly be considered as unnecessary and superfluous. If we advert to stage-action, to attitude, and the like, I will admit it, not only to be unnecessary, but *improper*; but I contend, that such simple, graceful action, as naturally results from a public speaker, warm and animated with his subject; one, who speaks from his heart, and wishes to impress his own ideas on his hearers, in whose welfare he is interested; such action will not only be natural, but ornamental; and if just giving weight to his words and dignity to his utterance.

One of the chief branches of a clerical education should be, that of reading and speaking well; and yet this is the least attended to. Reading well is a good comment on the text; but such is either the indolence or the ignorance of our clergy, in general, that they read and deliver worse than any school-boy, and the modern flowers of oratory, I am sorry to observe, are blowing the nose, huskiness, hawking and spitting, the stroking of the band, or the extension of a white hand or white handkerchief. — ‘Pray,’ said a lady, to one of these florid preachers, ‘did you mean, Sir, by extending your lilly hand, to draw me to Heaven or to yourself?’ — The evil is in the education. A boy is taken from a private school, at eight or nine years of age, and placed at a public one, to learn Latin and Greek, before he is well acquainted with his native language; of course, the art of reading and speaking in public, is no part of his study; nor is he better instructed at the university. He therefore gets into the pulpit, as untaught in his mother-tongue, as when he left the knees of his school-mistress. — What is the consequence? — Religion suffers in its pastor, and the preacher is as little respected as the priest. It is not one lad in fifty, that has a turn for oratory, but by good fortune, more than education, I was one of the few. When I determined to take orders, I studied to be master of a good delivery, and the approbation I met with, told me that I had not studied in vain.

CHAP. X.

On consulting boys' inclination in a profession — Strange anecdote of a Somersetshire parson — Author inclined for the Stage — Interview with Rich, the Patentee — On boys' Education — Art of Reading — Observations on Theatrical delivery — On Young Betty — Tyranny of Managers — Singular Parish-Wedding — Romaine preaches at Ware — its consequence — The effect of good Preaching — Observations on Methodism — Anecdote of Augustus Toplady — Advice to a lost Creature and to the Clergy.

DR. BROWN, in his Estimate of the Times, reasons on the ill effects of consulting a boy's inclination too much in a profession. 'They are often allured,' he says, 'by the outside of things, and cannot foresee the evils attendant upon their choice.' He may be right. Boys are not sensible how far their own dispositions may correspond or not with the line of life they covet; and were parents to attend to their wishes, they might place them in a situation, they are no ways adequate to. Many a dastardly officer might have exerted himself with spirit at the bar; many a bashful lawyer might have appeared with credit in the pulpit; many a bold swaggering churchman, might have been a brave admiral, and many an industrious alderman has been buried in a country curacy.

Lord Chesterfield was of a different way of thinking. — Whether from nature or early accidental impressions, he contended, that children, after eight or ten years of age, often shew a determined preference for some particular profession, which it would be imprudent to oppose; because they would surely not succeed so well, or perhaps, at all, in any other. Give them, however, said he, in the mean time a good education, so as to qualify them for any profession you may agree on.

I would recommend, continues he, the army or the navy, to a boy of a warm constitution, strong animal spirits, and a cold genius; — to one of quick, lively, and distinguishing parts, the law; to a good, dull, decent boy the church, and trade to an active, thinking, laborious one.

Thus, according to Lord Chesterfield, a dull, stupid boy, in whom education is most likely to be lost, is fittest for the church. — What would he have thought, had he met with such a brilliant Somersetshire parson, as I once heard of, who was applied to by an old woman, that fancied the devil was always watching her? — ‘I sent for you, Sir,’ said she, ‘to pray *for* me, and *with* me, for I am very wretched and cannot live a week.’ — ‘Casn’t pray for *yourself*?’ said he. — ‘No,’ replied the woman, ‘the devil will not let me; besides I know no proper prayers.’ ‘Casn’t zay the *Lord’s prayer*?’ said he. — ‘Yes,’ replied the woman, ‘I can say that.’ — ‘Casn’t zay the *belief*?’ — ‘Yes, and that too.’ — ‘Casn’t zay the *ten commandments*?’ — ‘I believe I can,’ returns the woman. — ‘Then zay e’m, in God’s name,’ retorts he, ‘and you may bid the devil kiss your ——,’ so saying, he turned on his heel and left her.

As thought Lord Chesterfield, so thought butcher Mackason, of Eggham, in Surry. He was a wealthy man, and had three sons; the second was his favorite. My father asked him what he meant to do with him? His reply was, ‘Sometimes I think of making him a lawyer, and sometimes a divine, but he has too much head-piece for either, so I shall e’en make him a butcher.’ He did; and a respectable butcher he is, and rides a good horse, and is the man of whom his present Majesty has taken so much notice, when hunting, and with whom he has often conversed. Of his other two brothers, the eldest is an attorney and the youngest died a captain in the army.

In his second remark, Lord Chesterfield seems to confound a boy’s disposition with his inclination, though they are two different things.

The *disposition* of children ought to be considered in the profession we mean to give them, but by this I do not mean their *inclination*; — for inclination depends upon opinion and judgment; and a boy of fourteen has neither of these; he knows not the advantages or disadvantages of any particular profession, he may fix his thoughts on; or how far it may be conducive to his health or his interest; but his disposition and natural talents should certainly guide us. If he is of an inventive turn, he is fitter for mechanics; if of a meek disposition, he may make a good priest; if of a military turn, a good soldier, and so on; and even this disposal of children should be governed by the circumstances of their parents, their situation in life, and their prospects in society.

It seems to be acknowledged, that extraordinary men are gifted, not with a *particular* excellence but a *general* one, and that if this excellence is well directed to any one science or profession—eminence may be expected in it. How far the body may be adapted to the mind, is always a matter of consideration, and should be attended to by parents; so as to suit the profession to what the frame and constitution seem best adapted to undergo.

Lord Chesterfield had certainly more knowledge of the world, than Dr. Brown; and I am rather inclined to think with the former, but not that a *dull* boy is fittest for the church. A lad of spirit indeed and enterprise, one of acute feelings and whose pride is soon wounded, is by no means adapted to make his way in the clerical profession. Preferment is in the hands of the great, and the great must be humoured, courted and flattered. The disposition of a boy is easily discovered, and had my father consulted mine, he would have given me any profession but that of the church; in which I never could get forward for the reasons assigned. Sir Joseph Mawbey once observed to me, that he wondered *much* that I had no preferment. ‘*You may wonder much,* Sir Joseph,’ said I, ‘not knowing my disposition; but *I*, who know

it, wonder not *at all*. My natural feelings are acute, I cannot submit to indignities:—I have abundant resources within myself; I can earn my bread with my pen, and therefore could never bend to the pride and caprice of others.

A celebrated teacher of youth often complained of the inquiries of parents, in order to know from him for what their sons were most fit, or for what they had a genius? His reply was, ‘Your son is fit for most of the common situations in life, in which diligence and integrity will enable him to do well; — but as for a *particular genius* for any thing, I have never in the course of my long habits of educating youth, known six boys who appeared to me to have it.’ — When those, therefore, who have written on education, have recommended an attention to the disposition of the boy; they mean only, when they appear gifted with talents for the arts and sciences, or by their vivacity adapted to the more active scenes of life. Dr. Johnson, with his usual strength of remark, says, ‘The general precept of consulting the genius is of little use, unless we can tell how that genius is to be known; if it is only to be discovered by experiment, life will be lost, before the resolution can be fixed. If to miscarry in an attempt be a proof of having mistaken the direction of the genius,—men are as frequently mistaken with regard to themselves; and therefore no one has much reason to complain, that his life was planned out by his friends, or be confident that he should have had either more honor or more happiness, in being abandoned to the choice of his own fancy.’

These are very high authorities for such of my readers as may wish for information on this subject, and for this reason I introduced them; but, in my opinion, are not sufficiently general. — There are cases in which they may mislead, — mine is one. — When a parent has not sufficient fortune to purchase preferment, nor sufficient interest to procure it, it is a folly to bring up a son to the church; especially if he discovers in him an indignant spirit that cannot brook a mortification. The dispo-

sition in a boy, is, in such a case, to be consulted ; not his liking, but his natural temper.

Knowing that my family had not sufficient connexions to ensure my promotion in the church, nor sufficient fortune to forward my wishes in any other way ; and that whatever I looked forward to, must depend upon my own exertions ; I was very unwilling to embrace an ecclesiastical life, conscious that I could not brook dependance upon any man. Without a provision, without a trade, assisted only by a good education, I turned my thoughts to the stage, and having performed some characters for my amusement, at a private theatre, with Robert Lloyd, the poet, and some others, I conceived myself equal to the task, and accordingly, unknown to my father, had some interviews with Mr. Rich, the patentee of Covent-Garden theatre, prior to my taking orders. To Mr. Rich, I read many passages, at times, from dramatic authors, — but he rather discouraged me, saying, that though my figure was in my favour, my voice was not sufficiently powerful for his large house ; that I might do better at Drury-Lane, and recommended me to apply to Mr. Garrick ; but, that if I was disposed to try my powers with him, he would give me an opportunity. This check, however, put an end to any further desire in me for the stage : not having the requisite qualifications, I conceived that I might fall short of excellence ; and as this was my great object in view, I gave up the idea of attempting it.

I have heard it frequently advanced, that give a boy a good education, and he will naturally make his way in life, even without money : not a classical education ; for this if unsupported will only render him fit for a demagogue or schoolmaster. A commercial education may fit him for business of any kind. — Writing a good hand, a thorough knowledge of arithmetic and mathematics ; being a good draftsman ; having a good insight into trade and commerce, and an acquaintance with English grammar, is the best of educations,

both for ourselves and others ; and if the boy is taught French, German or any other foreign language, it may be of further use to him ; but to teach him Greek or Latin, Rhetoric, Philosophy, &c. is confining his talents to a very small compass. At the time of writing this, I was applied to for aid by a young man who had received a classical education, was a good scholar, and bred a gentleman ; but for want of being conducted on in a right pursuit, on his first outset in life, and too much left to himself when he came of age, he dissipated his little fortune, encumbered himself with debt, was thrown into a prison, where he continued two years, and having angered his relations, they one and all deserted him ; and on being released from confinement without a guinea, there seemed to be no alternative but to be a teacher at a school, which is incompatible with his state of health, being very hypochondriacal, or to solicit aid from the parish. Had he received a commercial education, men almost of any business would be glad to employ him, but in the forlorn state in which he finds himself, he conceives his only resource to be a termination of his existence — Parents then should be exceedingly cautious as to the line of life in which they mean to bring up a child, if they value either that child's happiness or their own.

In the various conversations, I had with Mr. Rich, I discovered that he was a man of good understanding, and read with great propriety, and I the more wondered at it, as he had confined himself on the boards to a species of acting, in which reciting was not necessary.

Tom Davis, in his *Life of Garrick*, says, that Rich never could read ten lines together with propriety. This I deny. Perhaps Mr. Davis judged of other men by himself. When I was in London, I used occasionally to write to my servant-maid in the country, with directions to send me things from time to time ; and as I did not write very intelligibly, she would take my letter to a neighbouring shopkeeper to read it to her ; and this ignorant man, not knowing how to spell, when-

ever he found a word spelt differently from *his* mode of spelling it; he would cry out, ‘A pretty clergyman this, that spells *too*, in two ducks, with a *w*! — This is *university* education!’ — So probably, Mr. Davis, who read perhaps, as no *good* reader ever did; thought Mr. Rich, by reading differently, read *ill*.

This Gentleman was the revivor of Pantomime, and under the name of Lun, the best harlequin of the age, and seldom performed any other part; yet he convinced me, that neither Mr. Garrick or Mr. Barry delivered themselves with that correctness, they ought to have done; and which I have since noticed in Mrs. Siddons. — Instead of placing the stroke of the voice upon the substantive, and only swelling the adjective; they reversed it, and laid the strongest emphasis upon the adjective. I will endeavour to explain this by a few lines from Blackmore’s Creation. — The words requiring the strongest emphasis are in small Capitals; where the voice is merely swelled, in *Italics*.

As would have been delivered by Garrick and Barry.

“If dread of death, still unsubdu’d, remains,
And, secret, o’er the VANQUISH’D victor reigns,
Th’ ILLUSTRIOUS slave, in ENDLESS thraldrom, bears
A HEAVIER chain than his LED captain wears.
FAMILIAR horrors haunt the MONARCH’S head,
And thoughts ill-boding, from the DOWNY bed
Chase GENTLE sleep; BLACK cares the soul infest,
And ‘ BROIDERED stars adorn a TROUBLED BREAST.”

I have not marked this passage exactly as it should be read, but have only pointed out the substantives and adjectives, and what emphasis they placed on them. The following is as they should be placed.

“If dread of death, still unsubdu’d, remains,
And, secret, o’er the *vanquish’d* VICTOR reigns,
Th’ *illustrious* SLAVE, in *endless* THRALDROM, bears
A *beavier* CHAIN than his *led* CAPTAIN wears.
Familiar HORRORS haunt the *Monarch’s* HEAD,
And thoughts ill-boding, from the *downy* bed
Chase *gentle* SLEEP; *black* CARES the soul infest,
And ‘ *broidered* STARS adorn a *troubled* BREAST.’

In my *Sublime Reader*, which contains those parts of the church-service read by the minister, and my *Abstract of Common Prayer*, the psalms; I have marked the emphatic words, throughout, in the manner above; so as that with a little attention, it cannot but be read with propriety. I conceive the latter is well adapted for a Psalter, to teach children to read by; as it will give them a good flexion of voice. It is very small and light; sufficient also for the purpose of taking to church, containing the responses of the people.

Mr. Sheridan, in his *System of education*, observes that the want of pointing out the emphatical words in the church-service, is strongly perceived in the general manner of reading it; which is so often ill-performed, that not only the beauties and spirit of it are lost; but the very meaning is obscured, concealed or perverted.

Mr. Rich observed to me, that it was happy for Barry and Garrick, that the people of the present day were not judges of good reading, and were unacquainted with the excellence of Booth, Betterton, and Wilkes, players in his time; for that the latter were as much superior in delivery to the former, as the former were to the second-rate performers below them. I attended to these remarks when at the theatre, and found them just.

A similar observation may I make now, on the theatrical abilities of young Betty, who has surprised the world with his talents. When he performed at Bath, in April, 1806, he had been more than two years in the constant habit of playing; and I saw him in the part of Achmet, in *Barbarossa*; was in the side-box, close to the stage, and though I would not detract from this young man's merits, I contend, that the public in general are no judges of good acting, if they suppose that this boy is any way equal to the first-rate performers. He wants that which nothing but age will give, namely *understanding* and *power*. As a *boy*, he is *above* mediocrity; as a *tragedian*, *below* it. Whether his voice has

failed him within the last twelve months, or whether he was out of spirits, I cannot say, not having seen him before; but he appeared to me to have a cold, and a degree of hoarseness, so, as in straining to be heard, his under-voice was lost, and at the end of his exertions, he seemed breathless and languid; — in a word, his whole exhibition that night was what I may call a good attempt to imitate the first-rate *ranters*, but void of nature and that force of feeling, which experience and an improved understanding may hereafter give him. If his friends are wise, they will withdraw him from the stage for three or four years to come.

The tyranny of a manager has long been proverbial. Being one morning with Mr. Rich, I saw an instance of his overbearing conduct, in his official capacity. Sparkes, one of the first-rate performers, came into the room without any apology, the door being open, and made his debut with, ‘If I am to play Petronius, I expect Sir, a new suit of cloaths.’ Rich’s reply was as abrupt. ‘The character does not *deserve* a new suit;’ at the same time playing with his cat, and in a contemptuous way stroking her, and calling her *poor puss*. Sparkes seeing him so indifferent, continued, ‘and a new *hat*.’ — ‘Neither one nor the other;’ said Rich. Sparkes turned on his heel and went off; Rich crying out in a louder voice, as he went from him, ‘Nor will I find *silk* stockings, unless they are bought at my hosier’s.’ Then addressing himself to me, said, ‘A man must either *ride* or be *ridden*.

Whilst I attended the duty at Ware, two uncommon occurrences took place, at the first of which I was present. A man who was deemed the putative father of a bastard child, and who belonged to an adjoining parish, was taken up with a warrant, by the overseers of Ware, and threatened with a prison, if he did not marry the mother of it, who belonged to their parish. This was not done from humanity to the woman, but merely to rid the parish of Ware, from the burden of maintaining both mother and child; for by such marriage they become parishioners of the parish to which the husband belongs. It was

with difficulty they could find the man, but having found him, they kept him confined; and rather than be sent to prison, he consented to marry the woman. A licence and a ring were procured, and the parties were led to the altar in a cord, enclosing them both; lest the man should slip out of the *noose* and be off. The curate, whom I have mentioned, performed the ceremony, and when he came to these words, 'Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?' the man looked round on the overseers and said, 'I won't have her *now*, unless you give me a shoulder of mutton for dinner and two gallons of strong beer.' The officers to humour the man and get rid of the business consented, but the fellow insisted on having one gallon of beer sent for, before he said another word; and all they could urge to the contrary, answered no purpose; the beer was sent for and the ceremony was at a stand till it came. The fellow took the flaggon and putting it to his mouth said, 'Parson here's to you!' The parson eyed the jug, for no one loved beer to his heart better, and was rejoiced to get hold of it; he *swigged* it well, nor did he and the bridegroom quit it, till they had got to the bottom. A gallon of beer in a morning made them both drunk; however they made shift to get through the ceremony, and the bridegroom staggered so much, that the cord was as necessary to steer him out of church, as to lead him into it. I recollect marrying a couple, a year or two afterwards, in the same predicament, and the man was no sooner married, than he cried to his wife, 'Good bye, my dear, you'll never see me again,' and ran off. This was immaterial; it fixed his wife and child upon the parish to which he belonged, which was all that the officers of the woman's parish aimed at. — I will leave the reader to make his own reflexions on the propriety of such marriages.

The other story I have to relate is as follows; it was in the month of December, and Christmas-day was on a Monday. Neither I nor the curate being in priest's orders, there was no clergyman to administer the sacrament, on that day; the churchwardens therefore requested me, when in London, to send down a clergyman from thence. The time

was short, I could find none disengaged, and had no alternative but to procure one, if possible, through the channel of the newspapers; an unpleasant circumstance, but more eligible than to suffer so large a parish as Ware, not to have the sacrament administered on Christmas-day: the advertisement ran thus. ‘Wanted a clergyman in priest’s orders, to officiate at a market town, twenty miles from London, on Christmas-day, and the sunday preceding it; for which a handsome gratuity will be given.’

As my attendance at Ware, on the above days could be dispensed with, I had engaged myself to officiate at Hertford; and so little did the advertisement answer the desired end, that only one person applied, and he, a layman; but a respectable man, a hosier, in Fleet-street. He represented to me that a clergyman of good character, had requested him to inquire where the place was, but was unwilling to tell me his name. This mysteriousness made me more desirous of knowing it; but he assured me that he was not at liberty to mention the gentleman’s name, ’till it was certain that he should go; but gave me his own name and address, and said if I made an inquiry respecting him, I probably should be as well satisfied, as if I knew the clergyman himself: that he was a man of unexceptionable character, of good fortune, a rector of one of the city churches, and meant to volunteer the service; desiring no other pay than his expences down and up. This made me still more unwilling to consent to his going, but it being Friday before Christmas, and only one day (Saturday) intervening, and of course no time left for further application; on a second meeting I consented, previously writing to the churchwardens, stating the case; and as they would be at little expence, leaving them, when they saw and knew the person, to act as they pleased.

The next day I went to Hertford, and officiated for Mr. Smith, curate of the great church, afterwards Dr. Smith head master of West-

minster-school, and Christmas-day being the Monday following, the Lecturer of Hertford, who lived at Ware, asked me who I thought was come down to do duty there? I acquainted him with the circumstances as related above. He smiled and said, it was the great Dr. Romaine. Inquiring what the churchwardens thought of it; his answer was, they are much pleased, he never having been heard in that part of the country before. Hence the secrecy of the hosier was explained; he was apprehensive no doubt, that had he mentioned his friend's name, I might not have accepted his proffered service, and that the pious of that quarter might not have been edified by his doctrine, and some proselytes not gained. On further inquiry I found that Mr. Romaine, then Rector of St. Anne's, Blackfriars, in London, and Lecturer of St. Dunstan's Fleet-street, went down early on Saturday, with his friend the hosier; who so contrived it, as to give notice to the country round that night, that Mr. Romaine was to preach at Ware the next day and Christmas-day; and that notwithstanding it had been customary to have only one sermon at that church on Christmas-day, he should preach there both morning and afternoon. On Sunday morning the church was crowded, and having given notice from the pulpit that he should preach in the afternoon, and also in the morning and afternoon on the next day; the people thronged in such numbers, as to press upon each other, break down many of the pews and do a great deal of mischief in the church.

What could occasion this? It did not appear that one-twentieth part of the congregation were of *his* sect. No; — Mr. Romaine's fame, as a preacher, was spread far and wide, and the people flocked to church, more from curiosity than devotion. Hence the advantage of oratory in the cause of religion, and the necessity of teaching the clergy that branch of science; for though curiosity may draw a congregation, it is not improbable, but that if the preacher's words are as efficacious as his delivery; much good may be done in the cause of piety, and many

an unthinking person brought over to a just sense of his religious duty.

It would be uncharitable in me to suppose, that the preachers in general of this sect are not sincere in their faith; but I am convinced that many are not so. — I was acquainted with the Rev. Augustus Toplady, one of the leading men among them, and had more than one serious conversation with him on this subject. I told him plainly, that I was convinced he was no more a methodist, at heart, than I was, and that it was vain love of popularity, added to a prospect of gain and admiration, that led him on from step to step, to become, as it were, an apostle in this persuasion. I admitted that the articles of our religion favoured his tenets, but that though our reformers had done much, and had expunged a great deal of mysterious enthusiasm, they had not done enough; that the age grew every day more and more enlightened, men were better able to expound the Scriptures; and that what our reformers had done, would be proceeded on by the clergy of the present day, was it not through fear of being branded further with the name of innovators, which the church of Rome had long since given them; and that 'till such time as a greater reform had taken place, it was wiser in the clergy not to touch on those disputed points of faith, than to mislead and alarm. Professing himself a predestinarian, I told him that the doctrine of predestination, shut out both hope and prayer, and broke off this only intercourse between God and man; and that predestination also precluded repentance, which was necessary to salvation. I found him gravelled in these obtruse points of religion; he was unable to confute me, and we parted as we met, in good humour with each other; equally satisfied in our way of thinking, but in the full conviction, on my part, that he was wholly inadequate to the character he had assumed, and that he was only imposing on himself and on the credulity of his followers.

These preachers I will admit do some good, but they do at the same

time a great deal of harm. There would have been little religion, I believe, in the purlieus of St. Giles's, London, but for the preaching of Whitfield and Wesley. It so happened, however, that their proselytes and followers, were among the lowest and least intelligent classes of men, and finding it necessary to hold out to them, the terrors of the Lord; in alarming the hardened, it terrified the weak and put them, as it were, beside themselves. Not experiencing that new birth or feeling that regeneration within themselves, which they are taught to believe necessary to salvation; they, with the best of principles, are wretched and unhappy for the remainder of their lives, and are continually in search of comfort and cannot find it.

I have more than once been the means of administering consolation to such desponding men, by the following argument; which should any of my readers be of that description, I hope will prove a comfort to *them*. Whatever our reformers may have thought proper to lay down as christian doctrines, in the thirty-nine articles of our religion, this doctrine of justification has been attended with deplorable consequences. It has absolutely, under the exposition of sectarists, turned the brains of the weak-minded, and brought on a state of despondency.

On the application of one of these unhappy men to me, who assured me, that though in the early part of his life, he was thoughtless, dissipated and wicked; yet by attending the chapels of Calvinistical preachers, he had seen his error, and had reformed; and that he was not conscious for the last ten years of his life, of having been guilty of any one sin; and that in his humble situation, it was his study to do all the good it was in his power to do; yet, with tears, he feared that, after all, his soul was in a state of damnation, and he a lost creature; for he had never, at any one time, felt within him that spirit-working principle of regeneration, which Mr. Whitfield says is the mark of the elect, and without which all the good works we do, are an abomination.

An enlightened preacher has taught us, that ‘the path of the just, is as a shining light, that shineth more and more unto perfect day,’ — yet, we cannot ascertain the first ray of light that opens the dawn. — If, unable then, to trace the process of the new birth; let us look to its result. If we see the *effects* of conversion, let us not question the *cause*; and let us rest satisfied with the blind man in the gospel, that though he knew not *how* he recovered his sight, — ‘yet this I know,’ said he, ‘that whereas I was once blind, — now I see.’

Let me represent to you, said I, the case of a sick man, who applied to a physician for relief. — He stated his case. — The physician tells him, that having lived a very irregular, disorderly life, he had impaired his constitution; and the consequence would be fatal, if he continued it; — but leave off drinking — quit debauchery, — keep regular hours, — eat nothing that disagrees with you, — in short, pursue a good regimen and you will soon be well; — he does this and recovers, and this man finds himself in sound health; though he cannot ascertain the exact day and hour, that his soundness of body took place; — it came gradually on, and he was at last in perfect health. — So, my good friend, it is with you. You have been continually taught to believe, that had you persisted in your former iniquitous course, you would have been eternally lost. — Sensible of this and dreading it, you took up a system of reform and pursued a regular course of good living; and thus, by degrees, you have established a sound, spiritual health: and although you are not able, by any inward sign of conviction, to say, on such a day and at such an hour my regeneration took place; — I felt the impulse very powerfully; — yet, you may rest assured, you are as much one of the elect of God, as if he had declared it by any secret working of the spirit; for as you tell me, that you feel sin repugnant to you, — rest satisfied — you are what is called *re-born*; ‘for whosoever is born of God, doth not commit sin;’ saith St. John, ‘and he *cannot* commit sin, because he *is* born of God.’

This poor man went away thoroughly convinced and happy. I advised him no more to attend Mr. Wesley's chapel, but to frequent the churches of the regular clergy. I met with him twenty years after; his wife and he both blessed me, said they were rich and happy, and that they owed their wealth and happiness to me, and me only.

These poor infatuated wretches, catch hold of a certain set of scriptural texts, and often misapply them. A lady of this description, had them painted in every room of her house; she embroidered them on every part of her dress, and *dropt* scripture as she went; for on one of her garters, found upon the floor, she had worked, '*Set your affections on things above.*'

Were the clergy of the established church to take as much pains to reform the people, as do the methodist clergy; and be as warm, as pointed, and as animated in their sermons;—were they to preach as did St. Paul; they would doubtless have many followers, and would meet on all sides the blessings of their people. But they are fearful of offending the ears of their hearers, like that well-bred bishop, who unwilling to mention hell to a public congregation, called it the *shades below*.—They make excuses for fashionable frailties; nothing so bad that they will not palliate,—they will not call the general enemy of mankind by his proper name, but speak of him as Mr. Romaine said, as a *poor mistaken angel*, and thus not give even the *Devil* his due.

CHAP. XI.

The Author is Curate at Hertford — Requested to print two Sermons — Presents one to George II. — Attended to a village-church by a crowd — Converts some Quakers — Escapes examination for Priests' orders.

I continued some time after this at Ware, but Mr. Smith being appointed tutor to Lord Wenman's son, and not knowing how to quit his curacy till the expiration of his warning, I undertook it; for Dr. Franklin having been inducted into the living, and thinking me too well paid, as rectors in general do their curates, took to the duty himself, and rendered my services there unnecessary.

I had two churches to serve, that of All-Saint's, in Hertford, in the morning, and one, about three miles from the town, in the afternoon. Though the church, at Hertford, was crowded by the inhabitants of the towns of Hertford and Ware, (for my former congregation travelled far to hear me,) yet the village-church was as empty as the other was full. The first day I officiated there, my congregation consisted only of the clerk, two girls and a boy. The clerk could not read, but from long practice had all the responses by heart; he simply told me therefore, on entering the church, that he *said* all but the psalms. I understood him. He meant to say, that he made all the responses but in the psalms, which he could not do, being unable to read; these, therefore, I read wholly myself; but I discovered in the course of the service, that he could not hear, being deaf; for on my reading the Lord's prayer, forgetting himself, he roared out, 'as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, &c.' It made the girls laugh. I put an end however to this, by telling him, that if he could not *say* better, I begged he would not *say* at all.

Service ended, being on horseback, and a fine afternoon, I rode round among the principal farmers in the parish; gave them to understand, that I should be very punctual in my attendance; that for want of a more intelligent clerk, I would supply his office; give out the singing psalms myself, and assist the people in the mode of singing them, and hoped they would make a point of coming to church. They promised that they would, and in a few sundays I had a tolerable congregation. I preached to them in an easy, familiar style, a language they understood and were pleased with, and persuade myself that I did as much good, in that place, as any minister that ever there preceded or followed me.

The following will convince my readers of the truth of what I have advanced, and the approbation I was honored with. During the time I officiated at Hertford, the Princess of Orange, daughter of George II. died. I preached on the occasion to a full church, and was requested to print the sermon. I did so, and quitting the parish a few months after, having received uncommon civilities and attention from the parishioners, I conceived it incumbent on me to acknowledge it publicly, in a kind of farewell discourse. This they were pleased to take in good part, and requested me to print also. It would serve, they said, as long as they lived, to keep in remembrance one whom they had every reason to esteem; not only for a conscientious discharge of his duty, but for an unremitting attention to gratify and please them; and in purchasing these sermons they made me up a handsome purse.

Not satisfied with hearing this latter sermon once, several gentlemen requested me to repeat it, in the afternoon, at the village-church to which I was going, and they would accompany me there. This being acceded to, and the day fine and warm, in the month of April, I proposed to walk. Accordingly, after dinner, a small party, consisting of five or six gentlemen and as many young ladies joined me,

and we sat off in company. They assured me that the church would be more crowded than ever it had been, since it was built; for it was small, and they knew a great many that would be there. In short, it occasioned some pleasantries in the way, very flattering to me. The church was in view for some hundreds of yards before we reached it, and not perceiving any person waiting in the church-yard, as is usual, in fine weather, at all village-churches, before the minister arrives; I observed that it was fortunate for me that I had brought my congregation with me, or I should otherwise have preached to the walls. However, when we reached the chancel-door it was fast, and I could not obtain admittance. A voice within, cried out, 'You can't come in, there is not standing room for even one more.' — It was literally true, and it was with the greatest difficulty that *I* could squeeze in. I recommended it to my company to stand up, upon an elevated tomb, near one of the windows; and ordered the window to be opened, so that they heard tolerably well; every part of the building within was crammed; *in* the pews and *on* the pews. It had easy seating for about 150 persons, and there could not be less than 300. I gave out the psalms to be sung, and led the way myself; and had the pleasure to hear the walls ring with the loudest strains of heartfelt thanksgiving.

Wonderful is the effect of social worship, where all tongues are tuned in unison! — I shall have occasion, hereafter, to speak more fully upon this subject; for this humble specimen of religious worship, made such an impression on my mind, as continued with me through life, and induced me, at a future period, to attempt to realize it in a larger and more exalted scale. Had I the vanity natural to our order, and equal to what I conceived my abilities would reach, I should have kept close to my profession, and never estranged my mind from it: but I was ambitious to accumulate a small independance, and the church, with my indignant spirit, was not the channel.

Service being ended, had it not been for an itinerant preacher, that called the attention of the lower class of my followers in the church-yard, I should have walked back to Hertford, at the head of a little regiment: as it was, more than 150 accompanied me home.

One instance of the good effect of my preaching, at Hertford, was the conversion of one or two quaker families, who applied to me for baptism. A man, his wife, and two children, grown to maturity, came to church and were publicly baptized, and a woman who kept a quaker school, would have received baptism also, had I been permitted to baptize her privately. Having first applied to my rector; with his leave I wrote to the Bishop of London, in whose diocese Hertford is, for permission; which he absolutely refused on any other conditions, than that of her being publicly baptized, on a sunday, in the midst of the morning-service. This her necessities obliged her to decline, lest she should lose her scholars, and she remained a christian only in heart.

I will not say how far some religious institutions may tend to check pious inclinations; perhaps this woman might not *merit* the sacrament of baptism, if she was not ready to sacrifice every worldly consideration thereto; in conformity to our Saviour's directions to the rich man; 'Give all thou hast to the poor and come and follow me.'

The sermon I delivered on the death of the Princess of Orange, I had the honour to present at St. James's, to his Majesty George II. and kissed his hand on the occasion. The only advantage however, I received from it was, escaping examination for priest orders; for when I attended Dr. Nichols, master of the Temple, examining chaplain to the Bishop of London, by whom I was ordained priest, he merely asked me, if I was the person who preached that sermon; and being answered in the affirmative, politely said, he should not trouble me with an examination.

CHAP. XII.

On womens' not making the first advances in marriage — Modes they may pursue — Anecdote of Lady Cecilia Johnstone and her daughter, &c. — Ditto of Lord Egremont and Lady Horatia Waldgrave — The profligacy of women, owing to the men — The happiness of married life — Story of a female arraigned for having five bastards and her wise defence. On female chastity. On the unwillingness of men to marry. On kept mistresses — Anecdote of the Countess Stanhope and her domestic arrangements.

AFTER saying so much of myself, and dwelling so long on a religious subject, let me enliven it with one of another kind.

In the town of Hertford lived two young ladies, with an aunt, their fortunes about £2,000 each; they were agreeable women and might be called pretty. Hertford was remarkable, as most country-towns are, for a number of unmarried women, and few unmarried men. Boys are sent abroad into the world, girls are kept at home; to *this* I attribute it; but Hertford possessed so few young men that they could seldom make up a dance, though the attempt was always made at Christmas, at which season of the year, I was there. So I found it three or four years before at Horsham, in Sussex, where the monthly ball consisted wholly of maidens. I remember being once at this ball, when twenty couple of young women danced, and I was the only man among them, and what is most extraordinary, could not get a partner: for having asked the rector's daughter to dance, a proud dame, and she declining, all the rest had paired themselves, and I had the mortification to be only a looker-on, and an attendant upon them.

A regiment of soldiers being quartered at Hodsdon, within the distance of two or three miles from Hertford, I proposed at a card-assembly, to go over there and invite the officers. It pleased the women, and I became a favorite on that and some other accounts. Military men, where petticoats are in question, want but little inviting; it was enough to announce the Christmas ball, and say that the women wanted partners. Several came over, and I introduced them. One of the young ladies I have mentioned, I had the honour to dance with, and through a declaration she made to me, perhaps *unguardedly*, and the mode I pursued in consequence, perhaps, *indelicately*, yet unknown to her, it obtained her a husband, in one of the officers whom I had introduced. Had it not been from an opening of her mind to me, she would have missed of that happiness it was the means of procuring her.

Etiquette was against the forwardness of this young lady; but, as I have before said, she studied her own happiness, and brought that about through *me*, which otherwise might never have taken place. It is the province of the men, they say, to *ask*, and the women to *accept*; but I think if the matter was fairly considered, some allowance would be made for human foibles, and the natural desire of accomplishing our wishes. The strongest motive for discountenancing such procedure, is its danger. Had the female sex more command of themselves, they might step a little farther beyond their line; but the danger of laying themselves open to assaults, the treachery of *our* sex, and the incautiousness of *theirs*, make it necessary, that they should conceal their attachments, otherwise they might be often assailed in an unguarded moment and be irrecoverably undone: but at the same time, I am firmly of opinion, that a woman of character and fortune, often misses the object of her choice, through an excess of delicacy, and a fear of disclosing her sentiments. Many a woman is in that situation, that she may make her choice; and it is her own fault if she does not fix, where she likes. There was a young lady of this

town, the only child of a surgeon, who had been, since the age of seventeen, in possession of a clear estate of £500, a year, and would inherit at her father's death, £20,000; yet this lady declared to me, at the age of twenty-seven, that she never had an offer of marriage in her life. I could have told her the reason, if I pleased; she was too ordinary to attract the notice of men of rank and fortune, and men of no rank and fortune, like myself, were afraid to propose to her. Though I might have said, (and a fair opening it was) had I not wanted spirit and gallantry, — ‘To prevent such a declaration in future, so disgraceful to our sex, *I* make you an offer of myself.’

It was not my fate to be rich in any way. I have had three wives, but not a guinea with either. Independence in life has been the polarity of my magnet, and independence has kept me poor, — not in spirit, but in pocket.

A woman of fortune, is as easily obtained by a gentleman, as a woman of no fortune. — It may be said, no; — their pride is a bar. — I never met with a woman yet, rich or poor, but had her share of pride; and as the second class of women have generally most understanding, they are most apt to weigh and consider. Matrimonial alliances depend more upon chance than design; they take place, generally, from accidental acquaintance, and as the parties may happen to meet. Such is one advantage of good connections.

If a young lady cannot make the first offer herself, she may contrive to do it, through a parent or some other relative; and it might be managed with that delicacy, as on a refusal, would neither wound her pride, nor her modesty, or any way injure her character. — This surgeon's daughter was afterwards very happily married to a gentleman of great landed property.

If I am rightly informed, and I speak it on the authority of a man

of fashion, the daughter of Lady Cecilia Johnstone, when a minor, was addressed by two noblemen of great rank, at one and the same time; and they both paid the most assiduous court to her, and her father, the general, represented to her the impropriety of her conduct in favouring the pretensions of two suitors, and not making up her mind and her determination. They had both been introduced by her father, and were both eligible men. 'I wish you to determine, said he, either in favor of one or the other.' 'Am I at liberty, Sir,' returned she, 'to choose?' 'Certainly,' replied her father. 'Then said she, I will have neither:' and soon after went to Scotland with a young officer, her father's aid-de-camps, and was married. The general was exceedingly angry, but Lady Cecilia with a becoming spirit, told him, that as her daughter had made choice of a man of good family for her husband, she should certainly receive her kindly on her return; 'for neither you nor I,' said she, 'could possibly judge so well of what contributed to our daughter's happiness as herself:' and on her return from Scotland, she was tenderly received, first by her mother and afterwards by her father.

The evil of what is called adequate and made up matches, has long been complained of: when ladies chuse for themselves, they are not subject to the capriciousness of the men, or the waywardness of fancy.

The story of Lord Egremont's conduct towards Lady Horatia Waldgrave, is enough to deter any one from *formal* courtship. He had seen and admired the beauty of this young lady long, and at last waited on her mother, the duchess of Gloucester, with formal proposals of marriage, and requested to know if Lady Horatia was disengaged. The duchess said, she believed she was, and thought herself much honored by the proposed alliance. At his request she undertook to plead his cause with her daughter. It was a good match, and an offer not well to be refused. A young personable nobleman, of good disposition, and very large possessions. Lady Horatia, with a heart not enchained, and a well disposed mind, listened to her mother, and admitted his visits, on motives of pru-

dence and well advised discretion ; and matters being properly adjusted on both sides, marriage settlements were drawn, wedding cloaths prepared, and the day fixed for their nuptials ; but fickleness of mind on the part of Lord Egremont, on whom love had no influence, excited him to treat this young lady very unhandsomely. He had the effrontery to call on her the very evening before the proposed day of marriage, and tell her privately, that though he had carried matters to such lengths, and admired her above all women in the world, he could not for the soul of him yet, bring his mind over to matrimony ; and wished to defer the celebration of their nuptials for a few days, that he might reason further with himself on what he was going to undertake, and not run rashly into a step, which either or both might have a future cause to repent. Lady Horatia was silent and panic-struck, but when his Lordship, attempted to take her by the hand, saying, ‘ You are not hurt, I hope, my dear Lady Horatia, at what I have said,’ she recovered herself, and rising from her seat, with a dignity of spirit, becoming the most exalted character, cried, ‘ *Hurt my Lord ? — hurt for you, I may be ; not hurt for myself ;* for the daughter of the Earl of Waldgrave, in the prime of life, with a fortune of £20,000, is a fit match for a *prince.*’ — At this she left him and never saw him again. I believe she is since married to Lord Euston, eldest son of the Duke of Grafton.

But there are, in return, women who act as unfeelingly by our sex. I heard once of a lady, who so played upon the feelings of a young gentleman, who courted her, as to break his heart ; and he requested on his dying bed, that it might be embalmed and taken to her as his last gift, and without her being made previously acquainted with it. — When brought to her, she seemed amazed, but on recollecting herself, called to her maid, and smiling, said, ‘ Fanny, take it up stairs and place it on my toilette, — I wanted a pincushion !’

Before I part with this subject, I must say a word or two, in favor of those unhappy females, who so often fall a sacrifice to their impetuous passions.

The profligacy of the women is in a great measure owing to the men, for setting aside the variety of snares made use of to bring about female ruin, and the arts of seduction; I contend that the number of such women, may in general be attributed to the excessive number of bachelors in every country. They are in exact proportion to each other. And that marriage is ordained by nature, is as evident from this, as the coupling of doves, whose produce is always male and female: besides the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes, is a bar to procreation, as much as the union of male and female of two different animals of a different genus. As the two sexes, then, come into the world and leave it in equal numbers, any man who prefers a life of celibacy to that of the married state, dooms a female to a single life. Hence the evil of monkeries, and the necessity of nunneries, where women retire in order to preserve their virtue.

Marriage doubtless has its evils; but it is not without its comforts and advantages. I have, as I have said, been three times married, and though I have experienced some of its evils, have, on the whole, no great reason to repine. Marriage is a divine ordinance, which I conceive it is impious to counteract. In order that man should multiply, God has made him subservient to that end, and caused the necessity to form his greatest delight. In making him the father of a family He has communicated delights, which none but fathers know. He has made his domestic enjoyments so pleasurable, that human nature covets the possession of them, and in these its chief happiness consists. With the charms and solace of the fair partner of his bosom, and with the endearing modes of an innocent, chearful family, he is, as it were,

in a state of paradise; the cares of life are forgotten, and his felicity increases in proportion to his domestic comforts.

If I may be here permitted to indulge my fancy, I would take an intellectual view of such a family. — It is one of the most interesting scenes in nature, when peace and harmony are known to dwell within it. Here every care is lessened by division, — every joy redoubled by communication; — sympathy gladdens the heart, and expands its felicity; and unity sheds serenity around it. — If the master of the family is called from home, his heart is left behind. This quickens his industry, spurs his exertions, keeps up his spirits amid the greatest difficulties; and when his business is done, he returns with that cheerfulness and alacrity as gladdens the hearts of all around him. — He anticipates the welcome he receives, and the pleasure of a renewed interview exhilarates all that belong to him. — Take the man of science — in his retreat from study, behold him unbending with his family, meeting the affection of his wife, attending to the prattling of his little ones, and receiving with a cheerful eye their proffered kindnesses. — Take the man of trade. What is it that reconciles him to fatigue, to early and late hours? What is it that atones for the capricious fancy, the disdain, the impertinence of customers, the tedious hours of confinement, the imperious demands of creditors, and frequently the surly and hostile assaults of sheriff's officers? What is it that compensates for all this, but the soothings of a married life, the sweets of domestic endearment, and the rejoicing of his children; that the burden of the day is over, and the enjoyment of a tranquil evening is commenced?

Look to yon labourer! — how hastily he trudges home, whistling as he comes, 'brushing with hasty steps the dews away;' and whilst his partner in life is providing for his evening's repast, his children run to meet him as he comes; — one he leads, — a third beguiles the lagging

moments with the occurrences of the day.—Not so the unmarried man. For him

——— no blazing hearth shall burn,
No busy housewife ply her evening-care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.'

GRAY'S ELEGY.

Supper ended, and the evening mild, this happy parent, uncovered, walks round his little domain, sees that all is right, re-enters his cabin and repairs to rest; — which rest is sweet, whether he eat little or much. — Peaceful inhabitant of the lonely cottage! — Enjoy thy quiet!—

'Let not ambition mock thy useful toil,
Thy *homely* joys and destiny obscure,
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.'

GRAY'S ELEGY.

In this view of a happy family, we have not considered the man of rank. — Shall we estimate his felicity by his outward appearance? — No. — For a little outward respect, he experiences a deal of inward woe. — Days of mortification — evenings of inquietude, — often conjugal infidelity, and filial ingratitude; — hurrying from place to place, in search of — what? — That calmness and serenity of mind, he seldom knows, or perhaps has not the least idea of.

'Thrice happy they who sleep in *bumble* life,
Beneath the storm ambition blows; — 'tis meet
The great should have the *fame* of happiness,
The consolation of a *little* envy;
'Tis *all* their pay, for those superior cares,
Those pangs of heart, their vassals ne'er can feel.'

YOUNG.

But a truce with digression. — Bachelors are not aware of the injury they do to society, and the vengeance that they draw down upon their

own heads. In consequence of this unwise and ruinous system, innumerable are the evils introduced into life; conjugal infidelity, domestic plunder, spurious and diseased children, quarrelling, hatred, duelling, and murder.

Add to what I have said, the many ingenious contrivances to save labour, such as machines for making stockings, machines for carding and spinning, and whip-making, &c. which formerly used to employ the women, and the number of manufactures, in which men are employed, in preference to women, such as weavers, wool-combers, &c. and the variety of trades which men have taken up, as taylor, habit-makers, stay-makers, men-milliners, men-midwives, hair-dressers, embroiderers, haberdashers, linen-draper, and many others, have thrown the women out of employ, left them no means to get their bread, and leads to the absolute necessity of prostituting their charms, which would otherwise be a solace to man.

I have frequently reasoned with shopkeepers on this matter, and have been given to understand that women are not adequate to the task. They are in general bad accomptants, have a bad address, and are not sufficiently awake to the interest of their employers; and when a woman has been behind a counter, they have found it necessary to have a man there also, to whom she can have recourse for his directions. I will admit this may be the case in some instances, but were women to serve an apprenticeship behind the counter, as do the men in England and the women in France, I have no doubt but they would be found of equal ability in retail trade.

Great allowances therefore ought to be made for female frailties. — I will here introduce a tale; perhaps as uncommon, as any thing that has been recorded in history. I give it as a fact. I may not possibly have given the young woman's defence, in her own words; relating it from memory only, as I read it in an American newspaper; but I have given its effect.

A young woman, in New England, having been informed against, and brought before a bench of justices for being the mother of five bastard children, and being asked what she had to say for herself, that punishment might not be inflicted on her for such an outrage to society; replied; that she had much to say in her own defence, if she could be indulged with a patient hearing. This being granted, she thus proceeded.

It is the nature of our religion, gentlemen, to be deemed a purer kind of protestantism, than that of the church of England; (she being a presbyterian) to be more scrupulous in its tenets and more strict in their observance. We are taught to believe that the christian religion, is grafted on the religion of nature, which consists in self-love and an obedience to the dictates of conscience. Self-love is the first law of nature and conscience was our monitor, long before we received the precepts of christianity. Provided therefore, that our love for ourselves, does not interfere with the happiness of others, we are authorised to study it. The crime I am charged with, is of this complexion; I gratified myself 'tis true, but in so doing, I have injured no one; the children I have brought into life, I have maintained by my own industry, and never laid them to the charge even of their own fathers; nor have they been any way burthensome to the parishes where they were born.

Court. That is of little moment; you have scandalized your sex, and set a very bad example.

Prisoner. Pardon me, gentlemen; whilst I follow the commands of my Creator, I am not only acting religiously, but setting the best of examples. Our first parents were no sooner made, than God commanded them to be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth, and he repeated the same to Noah, the moment he left the ark; so that in acting as I have done, I have not only obeyed *his will*, but have discharged *my own conscience*.

It may be said that christianity forbids fornication: but necessity,

having no law supercedes this doctrine. Christ came into the world to fulfil the law; of course, what he promulgated as our *Creator*, he never meant to abrogate as our *Legislator*; and in order to fulfil the ends of my creation, I have been obliged to submit to imperious necessity.

The etiquette of the world has imposed silence on the woman, giving to men the option of asking in marriage and leaving to females the choice of refusing or accepting. Were we to make the first advances, it would disgust the men, and would be no means the way of obtaining a husband. We must wait, till we are asked in marriage, and it has been my misfortune never to be asked. Had the reverse happened, it would have gone a great way towards my condemnation; but under my present circumstances, I must stand exculpated, even in the breasts of the most rigid. I must either have acted contrary to the great law of nature, or done, as I *have* done.

To enforce this law, a passion is implanted in us, which, under certain circumstances, and in certain situations, is beyond the power of female resolution to resist. Why then punish an act that could not be avoided? — Had I been blessed with a good husband, my heart tells me that I should have made a very exemplary wife. But even under the character, in which I now stand before you, I could not have done more good to the state, than I *have* done. I have brought into the world five boys, who will, I hope, in a few years, atone for all the failings of their mother; stand forth in the cause of their country, be worthy citizens, and worthy members of society. Colonists you want; colonists I have brought you; such as I trust will dearly love their country, from its being their birth-place, and who, by being the fathers of a numerous progeny, will, on some future day, render the memory of their unfortunate parent, as dear to the state, as it wishes now to consider her its enemy.

Our Saviour, Gentlemen, did not even punish the *adultrous*, — as the

law condemned her to be stoned to death, he ordered those who were without sin, and wished her to be so punished, to cast the first stone at her. Thus was she saved by the consciences of her persecutors. He who, by his own pious example, teaches mankind, did not condemn her; but in the mildest way, bad her go and sin no more: and had she sinned seventy times seven and repented, would have forgiven her as many. But, independent of religion, it savours of inhumanity, that one sex should be deprived of its natural enjoyments by the arbitrary mandates of the other.

This speech so won the hearts of her judges, as to occasion her acquittal; and one gentleman of the bench immediately made her an offer of his hand, and married her.—Thus, as St. Paul before *his* judges, did she shake *her's* with conviction!

I doubt whether St. Paul was right in recommending celibacy to the virgins of his day; for I am very sure that female chastity in an unmarried state, is a severe tax upon the sex, and deserves every charitable allowance for its breach, from the male imposers of this law. They expect from weak woman more self-denial, than they are masters of themselves. Those beautiful lines of the poet, will occur on this occasion to the reader.

‘ Man, the lawless libertine, may rove,
Free and unquestion’d through the wilds of love;
While woman, sense and nature’s easy fool,
If poor weak woman swerve from *virtue’s* rule,
If strongly charmed, she leave the thorny way,
And in the softer paths of pleasure stray,
Ruin ensues; reproach and endless shame;
And one false step entirely damns her fame.
In vain with tears, the loss she may deplore;
In vain look back, to what she was before;
She sets, like stars that fall, to rise no more.’

Rowe.

The combination of chaste women, not to associate with the unchaste, may be political and wise ; but I think a distinction should be made, and such young women, who have incautiously fallen into the snares of a seducer, and those who shew a contrition for their folly, and a determination to pursue the path of virtue onwards ; should be encouraged in their good resolutions, and received into society again.— I cannot give the ladies all the credit for this seeming, rigid rectitude of morals ; I have conversed with many sensible, married women on this subject ; their reply has been, that knowing the frailty of their sex, they should not be so severe, was it not for their husbands ; who enforce this heavy injunction, in order to deter them and their daughters from a similar conduct ; and which, by the by, is a very bad compliment paid to them.

From the knowledge I have had of love matches seldom ending happily, I am almost led to think, with Dr. Johnson and some others, that matches made by the Lord Chancellor, according to rank, fortune, family connexions, &c. with settlements, might tend more to the general happiness of mankind, than under the present system. That love comes after marriage, thousands know who have experienced it ; and love with a competence, *ceteris paribus*, is most likely to continue.

I have been sometimes induced to suppose, that as the women flock to the watering-places, more with the hopes of acquiring husbands than health ; whether it might not be a good plan, for the master of the ceremonies, to open a book, where young men and women might register their wants, and be thus brought to an acquaintance with each other. It strikes me that these *petits maitres*, would thus gain more money than by their balls.

What can it be, but a dread of the expence of a marriage establishment, the dissipation of the women, and the easy procuring of genteel girls as mistresses, that are the causes of men's unwillingness to embark in it ? It is

true, we see little of that economy, the wives of former days excelled in, or that domestic turn of mind which is supposed to constitute connubial happiness; and I have more than once, attempted to reason parents out of their present, absurd notions, of bringing up their children above the line of life in which they are born.

Almost every petty tradesman brings up his girls in a line above himself; gives them a boarding-school education, and Miss Stay-tape, the Taylor's daughter, is taught to walk a minuet and dance a cotillon, with the hopes of attracting the notice of some man in a superior rank of life to herself. Sutton and Jenner, the inoculators, have overthrown the ravages of the small-pox; there are dentists, in every alley, to whiten the teeth, and the abolition of silks and lace has made way for muslins; &c. and put these within the reach of people of very small fortune. As they can now make the *appearance* of gentlewomen, their foolish parents often ruin *themselves* to give them the *education* of gentlewomen, and not being able to support them under this character, is very often the ruin of their girls. Educated above themselves, they cannot shape their minds to servile offices, and not meeting with husbands to their wish, they fall an easy prey to the arts and seductions of those, who court them for mistresses. — Hear the Fabulist!

' A raven, once perch'd and suspecting no ill,
(A morsel delicious contain'd in her bill)
Sly reynard entic'd her to open her throat,
Declaring the nightingale envied her note :
Now hoping to *charm* whom she certainly pleas'd,
Down dropt the *tit-bit*; which the fox quickly seiz'd ;
The raven's sweet voice he admir'd no more ,
But left her abandon'd, her loss to deplore.'

Here then is one cause of the numbers of persons, of easy fortune, having mistresses instead of wives. The daughters of inferior tradesmen, the clergy and other professional men, whose income dies with them, are, by this false mode of education, by no means fit wives for

common tradesmen; and such men are afraid to venture on them, even could they bring with them 2 or £300, and either marry servant maids, or live single. The next class of tradesmen vie with the gentry in appearance, and to enable them to do this, look for girls of some fortune, and not meeting with such, are content to keep pretty house-keepers. If these men cannot afford to marry, much less can gentlemen of small fortune, from £200 a year, to £500; and men of more exalted rank, from £500 to £15,00. These men cannot encounter with the establishment of a wife and family; and mistresses with a moderate share of beauty being easily procured, they give up the idea of a wife. — and as in the gay, fashionable world, female virtue is held in little estimation, the fear of cuckoldom has prevented number of men from marrying. If I take a *wife*, say they, it is ten to one but she will be false; and a *mistress* can be no more. Some years back, it was difficult for a man to procure a mistress to his mind, without first making a settlement upon her; but the present, fashionable mode of education has brought up such a number of fine girls, unprovided for, who look forward to an easy, dissipated life; that a man, let his fortune be what it will, if he can maintain a girl, though at the expence of only one guinea a week, he may find such in every street. — I heard a woman of quality once say, whose character was unimpeached; that she would much rather be a great man's *mistress*, than a poor man's *wife*. And I have heard gentlemen say, they cannot afford to marry; but yet they will afford to keep a mistress and a pair of horses. — Even a pair of horses, without the mistress, is attended with greater expence, than a well-chosen wife would be. A prudent wife, would, by economy, save her husband a great deal of money; but a pair of horses, with their appendages, will go near to ruin some men; and if the *horses* wont, the *mistress* will.

The late Countess Dowager of Stanhope, mother of the present Earl, daughter of the Earl of Haddington, was a woman of *method*, which

few women have but little idea of. Having brought her husband no fortune, she was determined to save him one, and absolutely did. Her Lord's estate was very much encumbered, but, in a very few years, by her management, she relieved it from its debts. He was a man wrapt up in mathematical science, and had such an impediment in his speech, that he neither found himself disposed or able to arrange his own business, or give any directions to his servants; but left every thing to her; and she had the controul, not only of the house and gardens, but of the stables and his estates; and to her, the present Earl owes his unencumbered establishment. Having spoken of this lady in my *Domestic Management*,* I shall refrain from saying any thing more of her here, than that I conceive she was a pattern, which the first of ladies need not be ashamed to follow.

Men that keep mistresses, may say what they please respecting their domestic happiness; a woman of such description, may, for a while, supply the place of a wife, but she cannot divide her partner's sorrows, by a participation of them; or take that pleasure in his satisfactions, which a female partner for life is capable of doing. She may amuse him for

* This book is of very low price, and contains instructions to young house-keepers, and servants of all denominations, (not on Swift's plan) but teaching them *seriously* how to time their work and execute every part of it well. There cannot, I conceive, be a more proper present from mistresses to their servants. They will there see Lady Stanhope's wise arrangements. If I dare venture to recommend any book of mine to the notice of the public, for its utility and the domestic comfort it will afford, it is this. It too often happens that young people marry and become house-keepers, at a very early age, before either the man or his wife know any thing of domestic management, or economy. Thus they go blundering on for years, learning that by fatal experience, which they might learn from this book, and from my *Economist*, in one week; and preserve order, comfort and happiness in their families. It is a great misfortune, that young ladies, of the middle class of life, are not instructed, by their mothers, in domestic concerns, and in the duties of a wife; on the contrary, their time is wholly employed in dress and dissipation, looking for a husband, and when found, they are not adequate to the task of directing and governing a family. This book then, will supply the deficiency, and in a very short time; and were mistresses, as Lady Stanhope did, to take no servants but what can read, and put the routine of their domestic duty into their hands, and let them study it a week, at first coming, (and for which this book is well calculated,) one servant would supply the place of two.

a time, but she cannot render him happy, because she is not happy herself. She dreads a discontinuance of her situation, a time when she may be turned a-drift, without any cause on her part, but from the caprice of her keeper, or taking it into his head either to marry or to quit her; and in this state of uncertainty, she cannot be happy, nor so composed; and secure in her mind, as is necessary to communicate happiness to the man she lives with. To obtain, therefore, two strings to her bow, and have a chance of bettering her situation, she encourages the addresses of other men; and such men, with an eye to the enjoyment of stolen and unexpensive pleasures, and from a belief that they may readily succeed with ladies of easy virtue, do not fail to seduce her, even to her own undoing.

But if my female reader would permit me to advise her in a matter which so essentially tends to her happiness, I think I could lay down a few matrimonial maxims, that if pursued, would not only make the men in love with marriage, but cause them to be good husbands.

1. The first is to be good yourself.

2. To avoid all thoughts of managing a husband. Never try to deceive or impose upon his understanding; nor give him uneasiness, — but treat him with affection, sincerity, and respect.

3. Remember that husbands at best are but men, subject, like yourself, to error and to frailty. Be not too sanguine then before marriage, or promise yourself happiness without alloy. Should you discover any thing in his humour, or behaviour, not altogether what you expected or wish, — pass it over, — smooth your own temper, and try to mend his by attention, cheerfulness and good nature.

4. Never reproach him with misfortunes, which are the accidents and infirmities of human life; a burden which each has engaged to assist the other in supporting, and to which both parties are equally exposed; but instead of murmuring and reflections, divide the sorrow between you, — make the best of it, and it will be easier to both. It is the innate office of the softer sex to soothe the troubles of the other.

5. Resolve every morning to be chearful and good-natured that day; and should any thing occur to break your resolution, suffer it not to put you out of temper with your husband.

6. Dispute not with him, be the occasion what it may; but, much rather deny yourself the trifling satisfaction of having your own will, or gaining the better of an argument, than risk a quarrel, or create a heart-burning, which it is impossible to foresee the end of.

7. Implicit submission in a man to his wife is ever disgraceful to both; but implicit submission in a wife to the will of her husband, is what she promised at the altar; what the laws of God and man enjoin; what the good will revere her for, and what is in fact the greatest honor she can receive.

8. Be assured, a woman's power, as well as her happiness, has no other foundation than her husband's esteem and love; which it is her interest, by all possible means to preserve and increase. Study therefore *his* temper, and command your *own*. Enjoy with him his satisfactions, share and sooth his cares, and with the utmost assiduity conceal his infirmities.

9. If you value your own and your husband's ease, let your expences and desires be ever within the reach of his circumstances; for if poverty should follow, you must share the evil.

10. Be very careful never to give him any cause of jealousy.

11. Let not many days pass, without a serious examination into your conduct as a wife; and if, on reflection, you find yourself guilty of any foibles or omissions, the best atonement is to be more careful in future.

These maxims are, I conceive, of that importance, in connubial life, that they deserve to be written in letters of gold. I could write a volume on each head; but as I leave a great deal in these pages to the reflection and consideration of my readers, contenting myself with salutary hints, I shall do so now. — A word to the wise is sufficient.

CHAP. XIII.

Author removes to Colchester — Disparity of Church-Livings and the evil — Two anecdotes — Author ordained Priest and Marries — Takes the Curacy of Ockley, in Surry — Nature of Presentments — Perjury the consequence. On official Oaths — Tuscan mode of administering them — Humourous account of a Visitation — Frauds of Tea-Dealers — Oaths proved unchristian. On common Swearing, &c.

ON my quitting Hertford, I became curate of the Hythe church, at Colchester, in Essex, to which was annexed the duty of two other churches; and I had the whole revenue of the three, for serving them; but the amount of the three did not reach £45 a year, and yet there are livings of £2,000 a year attended with as little duty. Winwick, in Lancashire, in the gift of Lord Derby, is £2,500 a year; and Somersham, in Huntingdonshire, in the gift of the Regius Professor, at Cambridge, now held by the Professor himself, the Bishop of Landaff, is more than £2,000. It is this great disparity of church-preferment, and the tithes being in lay hands, that occasion so much disgust.

It is urged, that was church-preferment reduced in value, it would prevent noblemen and gentlemen bringing up their sons to this profession, and of course depreciate its consequence. But this is ideal only; we do not find it so in the army, where commissions are confined to the pay of from £50 a year to £1,000, and yet it is filled with the sons of noblemen, nay of noblemen themselves. They give almost as much for their commissions, as would purchase an annuity of equal income.

Whilst I was at Colchester, in the year 1759, a visitation, by the Bishop took place, when it was reported to his Lordship, not in the direct mode of presentment, either by me, as the curate of the parish,

or the church-wardens, that a man, whose wife was dead, lived in incest with his sister. The Bishop talked with me upon the subject and seemed displeased, that a regular presentment of this man's conduct had not been made to him; and ordered me to go to the man and say from him, that if he did not immediately quit his incestuous commerce with the woman, and live apart from her; he (the bishop) would immediately put him into the spiritual court; I acquainted the man with this, and his reply was, that I and the bishop might be damned; and not being called on to report the reply, the matter here ended.

Had I continued curate of the parish, till the next visitation, it would have been my duty to present this couple; if they still continued to live together; and certainly should have done so, and further notice would then, probably, have been taken of it; but the service of three churches was too fatiguing, and I took the first opportunity of removing to a curacy with less duty.

Mr. Wildman, the son of that man at Epsom, who kept running-horses, and who married Miss Axford, the Grocer's daughter, on Ludgate-Hill, with whom he had a fortune of £5,000, at her death married her maiden sister, with an equal fortune. He had no children by his first wife. — No notice has ever been taken of this, and I believe they are both living. But on the death of a relation of mine, the daughter of Mr. White, an attorney, of Horsham, married to John Shelley, Esq. he, having no children by her, would have married her sister, and the parents, on both sides, would have consented; could it have been done, without subjecting them to punishment in the ecclesiastical court.

In the year 1759, I took priests' orders, and a wife, and removed to the cure of Ockley, in Surry.

I take blame to myself for not being more circumspect in matters

respecting the parishes I served, but my youth and inexperience must plead my apology. I kept as good a look-out on the conduct of the people as I could, and never failed to remonstrate with and admonish them, both privately and publicly, when I found them remiss. I kept my churches constantly full, by my mode of doing the duty, and by my personal application to individuals, and frequently gave the lower class a public reprimand in church, when I found that arguments in private did not avail.

It is perhaps to the oscitancy of the clergy and parish-officers, that much of the disorderly way of living, throughout the kingdom, is owing. Were a strict search made into the morals of the people, and punishments to be imposed, it might be attended with good consequences to the state; but the clergy having dropped their pastoral visits, and the parish-officers their inquiries, every man lives as he pleases; and if his conduct is not so notorious as to become a nuisance to his neighbours, and no complaint is made to the civil magistrate, nothing is done. I understand things are better conducted in Scotland.

Every one may not be acquainted with the nature of presentments. These are books containing a great number of printed queries, respecting the conduct of the minister, parish-officers, and people; the state of the church, church-yard, vestments, &c. put into the hands of the church-wardens and overseers by the bishop's officer when they are sworn into office; to each of which they are to write answers, in the negative or affirmative, and deliver it on oath to the bishop or his archdeacon, at the next easter visitation. Most of these questions may be answered by the monosyllables *yes* or *no*, as for example.

Is your church in good repair?

Have you a proper bible?

Does your minister regularly attend his duty?

Who is there in your parish, living in fornication?

Who, living in adultery?

and so on; descending even to the minutest inquiry; but the matter is so carelessly attended to, that no reply is written or made to any of the queries, in these books; but they are delivered in, on oath, in the state in which they were received, with a general declaration that all is right, or *well*; when perhaps they know to the contrary. How such men can reconcile this to themselves, I am at a loss to know! — I scruple not to say, that they are guilty of perjury, and wilfully so; for if they make no inquiry, it is in *foro conscientiae*, that is, in point of conscience, as sinful, as if they had made that inquiry, they are bound by their office to do, and omitted to report it; for ‘he who leaves *undone*, what he ought to have *done*,’ is equally culpable with him, ‘who *does* what he ought *not to do*’; the sin of *omission* being equal to that of *commission*.

Under this idea, the generality of those who have served parish-offices, are perjured men. The term may be *harsh*, but it is not the less *true*.

I am no advocate for official oaths. Their frequency and the slovenly, loose manner in which they are too often administered, make them little attended to, and the swearer perjures himself without thinking.

In an edict of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, for the reform of criminal law, it is thus exacted, ‘That in whatever case, it may be permitted to administer an oath, let it be to whom it will, on any occasion whatever; the judge or public officer, carrying on the trial, before he administers the said oath; shall represent to the person, the obligation that accompanies it; explaining to him its meaning and importance, &c. to the end, that it may make a greater impression. We abolish the simple formality of touching a leaf of the Bible only; instead of which

the person shall kneel down, and swear before a crucifix. When a person, who is about to swear, is of a religion different from ours, he shall take his oath in the form the most respected, and dreaded by those of his own persuasion; the great importance of the undertaking having previously been represented to him.'

Whereas, with us, oaths are often so sacrilegiously administered and taken, as to destroy the very end they are designed for. You shall true answer make — (who pays — who pays?) to all such questions, &c. — a proper parenthesis for a turnpike-man, in a hurry; but not for a magistrate, intrusted with the lives and properties of the people.

I was once an eye-witness of the administration of the oath taken by parish-officers, *before* the bishop, at a visitation. It was at an inn, where the bishop was, in a long room, on the first floor, at dinner, with the clergy of his diocese. As this oath is to be taken *before* the bishop, the apparitor stood on the landing-place of the stairs, with a stick in one hand and the *gospel* in the other, accompanied by a man to receive the books of presentment; and setting the room-door a little open, (not too wide, lest the rude wind should annoy their holinesses) he calls to the parish-officers to come and swear, and give in their presentments. These men coming from distant parishes, in short days, at Easter, and having impatiently waited all the morning, to get rid of this business, and eager to be discharged, that they might return before dark; crowded to get before each other, and *flocked up* the stairs by scores. It was with difficulty, the apparitor could keep them in order, and this he could by no means do, but by his *stick*; for being five or six feet above them, he could, by looking down the stair-case, see who it was that crowded most; and such, by a long reach, he would rap over the head, with a 'Keep down, you fellow, with the yellow wig, — here's more already than can swear at one time.' — Conceive now, reader, eight or ten awkward farmers, within two or three steps of the

landing-place, pushing forward their right hands to take hold of the book, some over the shoulders, others under the arms, of those before them ; and this oath-monger scarce able, with one hand, to support the weight of holy writ, pressed down by the unhallowed hands of ignorant and profane swearers, and to keep the king's peace with the other. — Conceive him bawling out, — ‘ Mind what you are about ! ’ — ‘ Come, swear away ; ’ — ‘ Is all well ? ’ — with another, ‘ Take off your hat, — you clodpate, in the leather-jacket, or I’ll knock it off,’ and with a third, ‘ Hand over your presentments — Dy’e hear ? — and all this with such volubility of tongue and rapidity of utterance, that few could understand him. — Conceive, I say, all this, and you will have some idea of a visitation-oath, administered *before*, that is, in the presence of a *Right Reverend* Father in God, with all the *solemn* form of ecclesiastical law. — Can there be a wonder, that an oath so administered and so taken, is little, if ever, attended to ?

It may be a bold assertion to say ; but there are few persons in this kingdom, who have not been perjured at one time or other : — a very serious truth, but which has escaped the attention of many.

Let us consider a few of our official oaths ; and first the oath of matriculation, taken by every lad, at his first admission into the universities. The statutes and regulations of discipline are put into his hands, in Latin, some of which he *may* understand, some I am convinced he does *not* ; yet he is called on, a few days after, to swear obedience to them *all* ; which no sooner done, than he proceeds to break them. The young men are so sensible of this, as often to use mental reservation, some kissing their thumb, instead of the book ; others saying to themselves, whilst in the act of kissing the book, ‘ I mean to keep none of them,’ and so on. I dare take upon me to say, that there is not one in a hundred, who takes this oath, but who afterwards breaks it. — Is not this man *perjured* ?

Next, as to ship-oaths. No master of a trading vessel can get his clearance, I am told, at the custom-house, 'till he has sworn that he never broke bulk, since he left the port he came from ; and yet, perhaps, he is obliged to break bulk every day ; that is, open the hold of his ship, and take out stores and other things. If this does not imply breaking in upon the cargo, it should be so expressed. — Is not this man *perjured* ?

There is a law that obliges every seaman to pay six-pence a month, out of his pay, towards the support of Greenwich-Hospital. This the master of each ship is responsible for, and has an authority to stop from his men. He it is that pays it at the sixpenny receiving-office, and upon oath. I accompanied a captain of a trading vessel once, to this office. He first laid down half-a-crown for the clerk, was next sworn, and then the inquiry began. ‘What is your name ? — What ship do you command ? — To what place was you bound ? — How long was you out ? — How many men did you take out ? — How many did you bring home ?’ To these last two questions, the captain answered, twelve men ; the account was made out accordingly and the money paid in, six-pence a month for twelve, for so many months. On leaving the place I observed to my friend, that I understood his complement of men was sixteen. His reply was, ‘Certainly, I did not say otherwise. The clerk asked me how *many* I had ; — I told him *twelve*. I *had* twelve ; there was no obligation for my giving in the full number. I gave him the half-crown to avoid a further inquiry. Had I not done so, he would have asked me if I had not more than twelve ?’ This is what the vulgar call *cheating the devil* ; a common practice in these instances, and many others. — Is not this man *perjured* ?

So again, in the excise-laws. All licenced dealers, in excise-goods, keep, or are to keep, a daily account of what they sell, as to quantity ; submit it to the inspection of the excisemen once or twice a week, and give in this account upon oath : such as grocers, tea-dealers, chand-

lers and others. Yet, though the officers are very keen, and weigh the cannisters occasionally, these dealers find means to smuggle in tea, without a permit, and thus elude their inquiries.

As to tea-dealers, (it may be a cruel supposition, but) I verily believe, and thousands do the same, that there is scarce a man who deals in this article, that does not smuggle more or less; or they would not amass such overgrown fortunes as they, in general, do. — A gentleman informed me, not long since, that he overheard a conversation, at Brighthelmstone, between two tea-dealers, who were talking of their large fortunes; one saying to the other, ‘You must remember our going up to London together: I was then, I believe, the richest of the two, having half-a-crown in my pocket. I soon became a porter at Alderman Rawlinson’s, where I learned *industry*, and in the course of forty years, have realized £100,000.’ ‘I have done better than you,’ said the other, ‘though I sat out with less money; for I can lay my hand, at any time, on £150,000, of my own property.’ —

One evil the state will now redress. To benefit the poor, the duty was taken off from the low priced, black teas, which could be sold for 2s. a pound, and was bought at the Company’s sales, for 1s. 6d. This tea was never smuggled into the country. Smuggling being designed to gain the duty; but the dealers, however, more or less, mixed it with their bohea teas, of higher price; and which having a duty, have thus been very great gainers, as for example; admitting a pound of bohea, with the duty on it, to be sold for 8s. for which they may pay only 6s. and 1s. 6d. for a pound of black tea; the first cost of the two together is 7s. 6d. and the two pounds mixed being sold at 8s. each, produce 16s. and leave a profit, even without smuggling, of 8s. 6d. for the two pounds, or 4s. 3d. per pound. Government having now laid on an equal duty on both, their profits will not be so large. — That tea-dealers *do* mix their teas, is evident, from the colour of the infusion; which is deeper and darker coloured, in proportion to the quantity of

tea mixed with it, and which is little better than tobacco and has a tobacco taste.

There are many of the lower class of tea-dealers, keepers of chandler's-shops, &c. who cannot write, and whose entries are made by the excisemen themselves, and these shopkeepers report almost what they please. — Are not all these men *perjured*? In short, a pound of tea cannot travel from the ship to the consumer, without costing, at least, half a dozen oaths. Was I to enter further into this matter, I might be thought uncharitable. I wish well to the community at large, and I wish that many of our official oaths, and which, in fact, cannot be conscientiously taken, were abolished, and the people left more to their honor. The courts of conscience, are very cautious in administering oaths, knowing how ready the lower class of men are to take them, without thinking of the consequence. But the oaths I chiefly allude to, are qualification-oaths, oaths of simony, oaths of the custom-house, excise-office, turnpike-oaths, and those relating to the post-horse tax, with sundry others. Were all these examined into, and a strict inquiry made into the subsequent conduct of those who take them, it would swell the catalogue of perjured men to an idea of horror; and yet such is the prevalence of habit, that their frequency wipes away their sinfulness, in the notions of men; and those who have often thus perjured themselves, will cry out loudly against a perjurer, under the hand of justice.

It is not uncustomary, in sea-port towns, to hear among the custom-house officers, of the *swearing-day*, in the morning of which, they qualify themselves, by draughts of inebriating liquor, to lubricate the passage and gulp down their oaths, without any danger of their sticking in their throats.

I conceive indeed oaths of any kind to be sinful, and though divines have taken some pains to explain away their sinfulness in particular

cases, and our articles of religion support them ; it is only as sects of different persuasions labour to construe certain texts of scripture, in favor of their own tenets.

Holbert gave lessons on the French language, in Norway, with great approbation ; — and yet when he went to Paris, he found that he did not understand French. I hope, says a German satirist, that this will be the case of many our divines in heaven, who teach here what they know nothing of.

‘It has been said,’ says the Author of our religion, (*Matt. v. 33, 34.*) ‘by those of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself ; but I say unto you, swear not at all.’ It is an impious procedure then, a horrid sacrilege, to make people swear on the very book, which forbids the taking of oaths. The security of a man’s life and property is not sufficient, in opposition to the command of God. ‘We are not to do evil, that good may come, whose damnation is just.’ (The Quakers are right). It is making the legislator, who condemns murder, an accomplice in the guilt. ‘If thou knowest,’ says St. Chrysostom, ‘that he, from whom thou exacteth an oath, is a good man ; why not then be content with his *word* ? but if he is not a good man ; why dost thou force him to *forswear* himself ? Oaths do not restrain the vicious and are useless to the virtuous. Those who are advocates for judicial oaths, contend that our Saviour, in the text above, did not apply his interdiction to these, but merely to *common* swearing. If Christ meant to except judicial oaths, he would have said so, and it is profane to say that it did not *occur* to Him, or that He who readeth the thoughts of men did not *think it necessary*.

Selden says they are so frequent now, that they should be taken as pills, swallowed whole. If chewed, they are bitter and nauseous. If you think what you swear, it will hardly go down.

Men are very apt to believe, that compulsory oaths may be broken, without committing a moral crime. — If men can reconcile this to themselves, it is happy for them. What they call compulsory, I call *voluntary*; for where men living together in society agree to establish certain oaths, to be taken for the good of the community, a wilful breach of such an oath, both in a moral and political sense, can be no less than *perjury*.

As to common oaths, it is with great satisfaction I speak it, that they are growing very much in disuse. Fifty years ago, gentlemen smoked tobacco, and their language was interlarded with oaths: now a gentleman never smokes and seldom swears; but the ladies seem to have taken up the latter. *Dam* you and *curse* you, being now become fashionable, female expletives.

Some time since, I dined in public company, where the only person who made use of any expression, like an oath, was a seaman; who finding himself under the necessity of swearing on board, always swore *by the Body of Cæsar*, concluding it less sinful, than to swear by the blood of Christ. He therefore accustomed himself to this ludicrous oath. — They say it is a foolish habit, and not easily got the better of. — This I deny. A man once got the better of swearing, by arguing with himself thus. If we are able to restrain ourselves from speaking *treason*, by reflecting on its dangerous consequences; it is strange, that we cannot refrain from a vulgar, silly custom, that has no pleasure or advantage to recommend it; and when it draws down upon our head, consequences much more dangerous and fatal.

CHAP. XIV.

Author preaches before the Lawyers at the Temple Church — On the Profession of a Barrister. On the Bath Court — Iniquity of Attorneys, &c. with Anecdotes — Gospel doctrine respecting them — Droll extract of a Trial — Smart saying of a Witness.

WHEN I first went to reside at Ockley, in Surry, I lodged at a house adjoining a blacksmith's, and had an opportunity of seeing a trick played with a horse, — laming him, to prevent his limping. He being naturally lame in the off-foot before, the smith lamed him in the near foot before, by driving a nail in his shoe, to the quick. He was then going to be sold, and being lame in both feet, did not favor either, of course when the operation was performed, did not limp.

In this parish, where I continued more than a year, I received great civilities from the people in general, and many acts of friendship from individuals, so as to enable me, on a curacy of £40 a year, to live comfortably and keep two saddle-horses. One lent me a house, another furnished it, a third supplied me with coals, a fourth with wine, a fifth with poultry; one with vegetables, another with fruit, and two days in the week we had the use of a gentleman's carriage, to go wherever we pleased: my wife was as much beloved as myself, and these friends studied to bestow what they meant to give, in a delicate way, so as neither to hurt my pride nor my feelings: so much is the curate of a country parish befriended, where he is liked. My proud spirit could ill-brook these obligations, but necessity obliged me to accept them. I considered them as contributions voluntarily given in support of a public officer. Nothing would have induced me to leave this place but ill-health. The situation was low, and I was afflicted with an ague almost the whole time I was there.

I am not ashamed to own my obligations; and do believe that where I have received one favor, should have experienced ten, had the persons with whom I have associated, had the means of serving me within their reach. Writers of memoirs, especially those who pen their own, have it in their power to suppress every thing that tells against them, and to exaggerate every thing that makes for them, even at the expence of truth. — Far be the idea from me. — I have not hitherto so done, nor do I mean to do so: and those who write the lives of their friends, generally set them forth in the most favorable light, concealing their defects, and emblazoning their perfections; even those whose biographical accounts are penned for pay, and collected as they can find them, scattered in the world, *dare* not speak the truth; for as Lord Mansfield says, ‘Truth is not less a libel, because it is *true* ;’ but make up their story as well as they can. Hence arise all those imperfect histories, under the name of *Public Characters*. I have been applied to by many booksellers, to sit for my portrait, to accompany, I presume, some biographical account; but I have always rejected it, not only with indignation, but with threats of prosecution, to any who should attempt it; determining that whenever I should be held forth to the public, it should be by myself; not with a view of self-praise, though I am not without my share of vanity, but from a determination of carrying my name down to posterity, with the honesty and candour of a man of truth. — As I detest all deceptive characters, I never can spare them; and it is probably on this principle, that whenever I have met with them, I have held them forth to the detestation of others, and this will in some measure account for what may be deemed here *severity*. Nay, if I thought that I had any thing in my own composition deceptive, I should even detest myself. — As in the course therefore of this work, every occurrence of my life, worth notice, will be laid before my readers; if there is ought to censure, no one can be blamed for it but myself, and I must stand self-convicted; trusting to a good-natured public to make allowances for human imperfections, and to take in good part, my wish, to inform and entertain.

Among the acquaintance I made at Ockley, was Dr. Frank Nichols, lord of the manor, whose name I have already mentioned; Richard Hull, Esq. first benchler of the Temple, and Colonel Tonson, grandfather to the present Lord Riversdale, of Ireland.

Through Mr. Hull, I was appointed to preach, one sunday, at the Temple church, which opportunity I took to give my opinion on the profession of the law; and I did it in such pointed, though general terms, as to excite a great deal of attention. What that opinion is will be seen hereafter.

I composed a sermon purposely for the occasion. It was on the abuse of things, in the course of which I ran through all professions of life, and shewed how far they were abused by the misconduct of professors; beginning with my own, and did not spare it. Having expatiated on this and some others; — now said I for the profession of the law, — and made a dead stop.

I had been warm and animated in the preceding part of my discourse, and had the reader been present, and seen the effect of these last words, he would have supposed, by the agitations of the congregation, their eagerness to hear, and their apparent fear of hearing what they should not like, that I was a prophet, or a messenger sent from Heaven. You might have heard a spider fall. — Though I by no means approve of severities in a pulpit, yet as the conduct of our lawyers is so very exceptionable and condemnable, I was determined not to miss the opportunity, of opening the eyes of some of them, if it were possible; of communicating my own sentiments freely on the subject, and of convincing my hearers of the truth of those sentiments. After service, when I returned to the vestry, the congregation crowded round me, and thanked me for my discourse. One gentleman, in particular, said, it was a melancholly consideration, to find in their profession, a necessity often of pursuing means which their hearts disavowed; but

till there was a reform in the practice, the evil he feared must go on.

The prayers ended and our duty to God having been performed, it is the office of the minister, when he ascends the pulpit, to consider the congregation as part of his family; whom it is his duty to awaken, to instruct and admonish; and any oscillancy on his part, any lukewarmness, or remissness in the preacher, will draw down on his head the vengeance of the Almighty, as threatened to the prophet Ezekiel. 'When I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die, and thou givest him no warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thine hands!' — What then have the clergy of the present day to dread?

Dr. Johnson says, that 'a lawyer has no business with the justice or injustice of a cause, unless his client asks his opinion, (*which should always first be done*) and then he is bound to give it honestly. The justice or injustice of the cause, is to be decided by the judge. — What is the purport of courts of justice? It is, that every man may have his cause fairly tried, and by men appointed to try causes. A lawyer is not to tell a lie, knowingly, (*but how often does he?*) he is not to produce what he knows to be a falsehood; but he is not to usurp the province of the jury, and of the judge; and determine what shall be the *effect* of evidence, and what shall be the *result* of legal argument; (*can the jury tell?*). As it rarely happens that a man is entitled to plead his own cause, lawyers are a class of the community, who, by study and experience, have acquired the art (*of sophistry*) and power of arranging evidence, and of applying to the points at issue, what the law has settled. If by a superiority of attention, of knowledge, of skill, (*of chicanery,*) and a better method of communication; he has the advantage of his adversary, it is an advantage to which he is entitled, (*not unless a fair one*)

there must always be some advantage on one side or the other, and it is better that advantage be had by talents, than by chance. (*It should be by neither; it should rest on the justice of the cause.*) If lawyers were to undertake no causes, till they were sure they were just, a man might be precluded, altogether, from the trial of his claim; though, were it judicially examined, it might be found a very just claim."

I admit this in some instances, but if the above reasoning of Dr. Johnson, is admitted generally, all that can be said in favor of the profession argues very little. 'Tis true, there are some points that are disputable, and, as such, proper objects of discussion, and who so fit to discuss them as men bred to the business? — But it does not follow, that because it may be allowable in a lawyer to argue a *disputed* point, or illucidate an *obscure* one; that he is commendable or indeed free, in point of honesty, to give a false colouring to a true case, to explain away the justness of a claim and brow-beat or baffle an evidence.

Indeed such is the assurance and arrogance of some men, that they will play with their causes, bandying them about like a tennis ball. I heard once of an Irish barrister, retained for the *plaintiff* who being fond of his bottle, and having drank too freely after dinner, hurried into court half drunk, and when his cause was called, snatched up his brief, which he had never read, and began pleading with great warmth for the *defendant*. He went on in a fine strain of argument; still he began to get sober; when casting his eye on his brief, he discovered his mistake; but without the least hesitation and embarrassment — proceeded with — 'Now, gentlemen of the jury, you would think I had been pleading for the *defendant*, — no such thing; — what I have hitherto said, was merely to save my learned brother's time, and his breath, and to shew you how easily such arguments as he would have advanced, and I have advanced

for him, are refuted.' — The whole court was astonished at his easy presumption, — but he went on, *disproving* all he had *proved* before, till he had established his clients case and carried his cause; not leaving the counsel on the opposite side a word to say.

There cannot be, in my opinion, a more exalted character, nor a more glorious situation, than that of an advocate arguing the cause of truth and justice, and pleading warmly in the defence of oppressed innocence. On the other hand, there cannot be a more contemptible one, nor one guilty of a more execrable act than he who labours to disguise facts, colour over falsehood with the semblance of truth, and takes pains to countenance and support the oppressor. Such a one deserves to be handed down with the name of *liar*, the sound of which rankles in the ears of every *real* gentleman: for though he may find untruths in his brief, and of course is not the first utterer of them; yet by being the propagator of them, he fathers them, and is equally criminal with the forger: and however his fallacious reasoning may do credit to his *ingenuity*, it redounds very little to his *honor*. Whilst a barrister will accept of a retaining fee, and oblige himself to stand forth and espouse a cause, before he has read his brief, and is acquainted with its contents; his professional character will not, in the minds of honest men, extenuate his offence; for with all its learning, iniquitous must that profession be, that induces a man for gain, to declare what his heart disavows, and to contend against the conviction of his own mind. Nothing should tempt a man to support a cause, which he is convinced is not a just one, or to make what he calls the best of it. If he does, the greater his professional character is, and the more consummate his abilities, the greater crime he commits. If he is deceived by his instructions, the instant he discovers the deception, he should throw down his papers and the fee that accompanied them, execrate the solicitor that would have hired him to do mischief, and avow his detestation of it in the face of the court. If by this practice

he had fewer *briefs*, he would have more *reputation*; and would have the satisfaction of knowing, that though he possessed *less money*, he had a *clear heart*. In a little time, he would have no occasion, thus to fly in the face of his employers; for if men (who are best acquainted with their own cases, and can very well distinguish between right and wrong,) found they should meet with no support in their advocates, many an unjust cause would not be brought into court.

Mr. Erskine, now Lord Chancellor, has been known to lose eighteen causes out of twenty; and why? Not for want of exertion in behalf of his client, but for want of equity on his side. Men of a litigious turn, who, through ignorance, conceive themselves right; take care to retain counsel of good abilities; of course, such advocates are generally employed on the worst side of the question; and it is no wonder then, if they fail nine times out of ten.

A barrister in Sweden is a disgraceful character, the executioner is held in more esteem. The noble Swede disdains the office. — Advocates in the courts of Sweden, are therefore foreigners, chiefly Danes.

In criminal cases, counsel, for the prosecution, of the present day, too often labour to excite the compassion of the jury, in behalf of the plaintiff or injured person; whereas, if they were actuated by humanity, they would plead rather for the defendant, (in extenuation of his offence, and in mitigation of the punishment) who ought to be arraigned by his accuser; not out of anger and revenge, but in justice only to his country: and with all the tender circumstances of pity; for the minds of the wicked are, as it were, dis-tempered by vice, and should, if possible, be reformed. — Hence it is that wise men brood no hatred in their bosoms, either to good or bad. — They *can not* hate the good, and *will not* hate the wicked, considering them as unfortunate men; whose wickedness is perhaps

more the effect of a diseased mind, than a corrupt heart, or as instruments in the hands of Providence, to bring about certain wise purposes.

Should not a criminal's protestation of his innocence be as good an argument to prove it, as the reputation of his counsel, who is *paid* for pleading for him? — However, 'at the bar, no villain need despair, he may purchase,' says Dr. Knox, in his *Winter Evenings*, 'for a few guineas, an advocate, famous for his eloquence; who by dint of unparalleled audacity, loudness of voice, rapidity of utterance, and sophistry of reasoning, shall confound the honest witnesses into self-contradiction, frighten the poor jurymen, and menace the judge, into partiality for his iniquitous client.'

I was at the Old Bailey, when the late Sir Fletcher Norton, afterwards Lord Grantley, attempting to over-rule Sir William Morton, the recorder, afterwards a judge, was silenced by him, in these words. 'The language, Sir, I have just now heard from you is unpardonable. From this moment, I silence you in this court. Never presume to utter a word here again;' and had he made any reply would have been committed: but the breach was soon made up, by the immediate interference of his brother-barristers, who requested that the court would receive his apology, as an atonement. An apology was made and admitted.

But what shall we say, when they industriously, (as they often do)

' ——— Keep off hearings, wilfully,
To finger the refreshing fee;
And to defend a wicked cause,
Examine and survey the laws,
As burglar's shops and houses do,
To find out where they'd best break through?'

FABLE OF THE BEES.

Hear what Sir William Jones says, who after being long a barrist-

er, was many years chief justice in India. Of law there can be no more acknowledged, than that her seat is the store-house of quirks, her voice the dissonance of brawls; all her followers, indeed, both at the bar and below it, pay her homage; the very least, as gaining their share, and the greatest, as hoping for wealth and fame. But kings, nobles, and people, of what condition so ever, though each are different in sort and manner, all have uniformly found their patience exhausted by delays, and their purses, by her boundless demands. — In short, I have been so long an advocate myself, that I pay no regard to what advocates *say*; but only to what they *prove*. —

Can there be a more severe reflexion on the profession? — They will almost say any thing when paid for it. Mr. Erskine, being employed once against me, in an action I brought for the piracy of my Chronology, ran from his subject, and took much pains to depreciate my abilities. ‘Who is this Dr. Trusler,’ says he? ‘A compiler of spelling books, &c.’ What had this to do either with the justice or injustice of the cause? — Nothing. Finding that little could be said in favor of his client, and seeing that he was likely to lose his cause, as he did; he thought proper to vent his spleen upon his antagonist. — This could not be from any ill-natured disposition, as he knew nothing of me, but from the absurd and general habits of legal advocates. It is to be lamented that their invectives should be countenanced by the bench. Mr. Wallace, when solicitor-general, was challenged by a gentleman, with whose character he made too free, at an assizes in the North; but dastardly sheltered himself behind his profession; as much as to say, my profession will, at all times, screen the greatest detractions, and the most insolent obloquy. — As it is now, so was it here, two hundred years ago, witness the following lines.

‘The busy advocate that sells his breath,
Denouncing woe to him that is his friend.’

CONSTABLE, 1615.

Counsel seem to learn their profession merely from the practice of the bar; of course the same erroneous doctrines are continued on, from generation to generation. ‘No lectures,’ says professor Millar, ‘are now given in the Inns of court and of Chancery, as heretofore; no exercises are performed; no steps are taken, for instructing those, who may be disposed to learn; the whole care of a barrister’s education seems to be devolved upon the cook;’ and the only remaining part of the ancient regulations, is that the student shall attend his commons, for a certain number of terms, and then, like a slug upon a cabbage-leaf, eat his way to the bar. — So that, in fact, when he has served an apprenticeship there, for six years, he is qualified to say, what no other man *dare* say, to support erroneous opinions, and antiquated doctrines. Nor is it better in equity.

How do the chancellor, the master of the rolls, and the masters in chancery acquire their knowledge? Only at the chancery-bar; of course how inadequate must one bred up in the King’s-bench-court be, for such an office? ‘Equity,’ says the learned Selden, ‘is a *roguish* thing. For law, we have a measure and a rule to go by, and know what to trust to; but in equity, we must rely on the conscience of the chancellor, which is more or less stretched, as he may happen to be in tone. We may as well measure the equity of the court, by the length of his foot; and as one chancellor may have a longer foot than another, so may his law of equity. — It is equally the same, if it rests upon his conscience.’ ‘It appears strange, that one court should have a jurisdiction, according to strict law, and another according to equity; that the former should be obligated, with its eyes open, to pronounce an unjust sentence in conformity to an old rule; ‘leaving parties,’ says Millar, ‘to procure relief by application to the latter, at the expence of time and accumulation of expence.’

I once lost a cause in chancery, by the master’s losing my book, which

he was ordered by the chancellor to compare, with a piracy of it, and report. The expences of this cause had cost me near £60, and as no remedy could be given, I was obliged to abandon my suit, and sit down with the loss of costs; and the piracy stands its ground against me. The book lost, was the one entered at stationer's-hall, with a receipt on it, and could not be supplied by another of the same edition. — This master had *no conscience*, or he would have been more careful. — Sir William Herne was my solicitor, and knows the truth of this.

As to attorneys, the errors they fall into, and the mistakes they commit, are innumerable. I purchased an annuity of £50 a year, and the attorney I employed rendered it null, by omitting to enroll it in chancery. Another attorney lost me upwards of £50, by neglecting to take the security, he was instructed to do; a third released a man from a judgment wholly, by an incorrectness in the discharge; and a fourth, by miscalculating the interest, on the settlement of an account, and taking too much, subjected me to the statute of usury. Twice have I been non-pross'd, and twice have I been arrested on fictitious debts.

A non-pros, is when an attorney has begun a prosecution and does not go through with it, but suffers judgment to be obtained against his client by neglect. He is liable to an action for misconduct, but complaining to a barrister once, on this subject, he advised me to put up with the loss, saying, 'I know the man, — your complaint must be on affidavit, and I should not wonder, if he suborned witnesses to prove you perjured.'

I speak it not with anger or resentment, having no revenge in me; but I declare with truth, that of seventeen attornies, whom I have unhappily been obliged to employ, in the course of my life, I have been

a sufferer by sixteen ; owing either to their remissness, their ignorance, or their villainy ; and yet I never employed the man a second time, whom I found had once deceived me. What has happened with me, must have happened, more or less, with others ; though, perhaps, a less knowledge of law-proceedings, than I possess, may have kept them in the dark. The laws themselves are so intricate, and the practice is expected to be so accurate ; that it requires no uncommon intelligence and attention, to steer clear of error ; and when an attorney errs, in a matter of doubt, his client has no redress.

I am acquainted with a sensible tradesman, who assured me, that he never had been, nor ever would be, a plaintiff in any suit. He has carried on a great deal of business, for a number of years, and declares, that he would rather lose a hundred pounds, at any time, than employ an attorney to recover it.

An attorney is a dangerous acquaintance ; such men are continually recommending and urging litigation ; it is their interest so to do, and it being natural to talk of law, when in company with a lawyer, they will minute down the subject-matter that passes at their visits, and should a quarrel at any after-time arise, will charge these visits to their friends, as attendances and advice. The late Sir Cecil Bishop once paid above a hundred pounds for these friendly visits of an attorney, having opened his table to him at all times. It is on this consideration, that I have been often urged to use the harsh expression, having been heard to say, that I would as soon sit down with the devil, as with an attorney. Let me recommend it to every man, if he is acquainted with an attorney, never to talk of law with him, (except in cases of real business) nor ever employ him, without first taking the opinion of counsel on his case.

To prevent fictitious suits, it ought to be enacted, that if an attorney issues a writ, and either drops the action or is nonsuited, and does

not produce his client, he should be liable to pay costs himself. When a writ of error is brought, to try a cause in the House of Lords, the plaintiff in error, must first give security to pay the costs, if the determination should be against him, — so should it be in mesne process. Indeed, were attorneys, in such cases, liable to pay costs, they would not commence suits, till they were made safe with respect to them; of course, they would have less to do. — So much the better. — But as this would decrease the stamp-revenue and the business of courts and lawyers, I fear the measure will never be adopted.

An attorney once took out a writ against me for six pounds, a disputed bill; and in order to get this man to settle with me, without suffering him to serve me with a declaration, it cost me as much more to oblige him to take his debt and costs; which I could not do, without employing another attorney, to summon him before a judge, for that purpose: this was three times done, before he would attend, and it cost me nearly as much as the debt: such being the defective process in the court of King's-bench, in the case of writs.

A servant who lived with me, in London, told me, that when his father died, who was a baker, there was about £100 owing to him, on his books, in very small sums; which a *friend* of his, an attorney, said, as he was going into the north of England to service, he would get it in for him. A year after, on his return to London, on asking this *friend* how matters stood, he said, he had been lucky enough to get in the whole. ‘I am glad to hear it,’ said his client, ‘for I am in great want of money. — Come, shall I give you a receipt?’ — ‘Receipt!’ exclaimed the other, ‘you have nothing to receive. — You may be very thankful I do not send you in a bill. — If I did, you would have £20 to pay me.’

It is frequently at the option of a man, whether he will employ an attorney or not, and may therefore avoid many of the evils re-

specting them; but as the law encourages them, they are become necessary evils — are too often enemies to peace, and stir up contention among neighbours, in order to procure employ.

One of these lame limbs of the law, finding an open situation, in a country town, where no lawyer had ever dwelt, owing to the peaceable disposition of its inhabitants; thought he could not do better than seat himself there. He was a pleasant man and his company liked, but he had little or no business, and saying one day to a shrewd friend, that he must of necessity quit the place or starve; for the people were so damned peaceable and honest that he had nothing to do; — his friend replied, ‘we must not lose you; prevail on some other attorney to come and settle here also, and then I’ll be bound you’ll have business enough.’ He did so. — Between them they set the people together by the ears, and both lived comfortably and well.

The universal stigma, under which attorneys lie, should induce a reform; instead of which they are increasing that detestation they are subject to, and are now becoming brokers, auctioneers, and money-lenders; and have, like pawn-brokers, their back-doors, to let those *out*, whom they have taken *in*; who being ashamed to be supposed to have any connexion with them, by this means, avoid meeting with a similar applicant. — Lord Bolingbroke execrated a pedlar, and says, that attorneys are much worse.

Lord Chancellor Eldon’s opinion of them is clear, from his insertion of a clause in the Bath-act passed 1805, for the recovery of debts, not exceeding £10, in that city; enjoining, that no attorney shall *appear* or *speak* in that court, in behalf of either plaintiff or defendant, under the penalty of £50; to be recovered, on the oath of one witness, before a justice of the peace; and in case of non-payment, imprisonment to follow. It would be a blessing, to this country, if this act had been made general; — and yet a cir-

cular letter, signed by the clerk of the court, has been sent to every attorney in Bath, (in number near *thirty-six*!) saying that any statement by them in writing, will be received and attended to, on or before the hearing of the cause. If this is by order of the court, as I understand it is; it must surely have been made in the absence of the president of that court, who is a barrister of long standing, and a man of good character. He might admit of statements from the parties themselves; but surely not from attorneys.

It was an attorney from whom I received the information; and I declared my sentiments, as soon as I heard it; but knowing him to be a man void of veracity and honour, I could scarcely credit it. However, admitting its truth, as this court is a court of conscience and equity, expressly so declared in the statute, the *intent* of the act is to be considered; and as in civil statutes, the *spirit* of the law is more to be attended to, than its *letter*; the clause in question which prohibits the *appearance* or *speaking* of an attorney, certainly implies, and prohibits any *written speech*, or observation, which an attorney may make, respecting a case before the court; for as the reply in writing of an attorney, to a writ or suit, commenced in the upper courts, is called an *appearance*; it is plain, that the chancellor, by the insertion of that clause, and the legislature that enacted it, meant that no attorney should be employed or interfere in any way, in a cause before this court; and I hope, if such a thing occurs, when any man of spirit is either plaintiff or defendant, there; he will, for the good of the community at Bath, bring it before the mayor. Was I in the commission of the peace for the district, and such a matter was brought before me, I should make no difficulty, on proof being given, of levying the penalty; and that whether the statement was with or without remarks, or whether the attorney was invited by the court so to do or not: for it has no discretionary power, and its line of duty is marked out by the act; and

an attorney who shall presume to transgress the law, merits its punishment.

It is said there are few attorneys in America, and the proportion of lawyers there is not more than one in 4,600 of the people, and were there as few in England, there would be only 3,000; whereas the number exceeds 30,000; and a law-suit which has often ruined a man here, in America, does not exceed ten shillings. In the Bath-court, the recovery of five pounds will cost more than one-fifth of the money. — But there are little hopes of reform, whilst the state is benefited so much by the stamp-duty. Indeed I have, in the course of this work, hinted at many cases, where the state sacrifices the happiness of the people to its own emolument; as in licences to quacks, ale-houses, gin-shops, pawn-brokers, pedlars, oath-mongers, &c. &c. and the countenance it gives to spies and informers.

Attornies may, in certain cases, be very useful men, and I have no doubt but that there is, here and there, among them, an upright, conscientious one. It is a pity, they should not try to gain respect as other men do! To say the best of them, they are brought up in chicanery, the chief part of them will foment disputes, labour to make the most of their clients, and care not what distress they bring on them, so as they can increase their fees, and swell their gains. — Whether their cause is lost or won, they are paid, either by defendant or plaintiff. And when their cause is ended, and they can get no more of their clients; if not paid, they will pursue them without mercy, even to their ruin. They will start doubts and difficulties, in order to recommend cases for counsel, merely to have the advantage of drawing them; and counsel to encourage them, will answer no cases, but what attornies draw; thus, like doctors and apothecaries, playing into each others hands. — They will run about, and multiply attendances not necessary, make long briefs, long affidavits, long deeds, and foist in a thousand

unnecessary words, knowing they are paid, — not according to their *purport*, but their *number*; similar to the tricks of common traders. — But hold! — Attorneys are *gentlemen*. — Shame on such gentlemen! — Are they *christians*? If so, let them beware of entailing on themselves the curse of the Author of Christianity, who with a prophetic spirit thus denounces, — ‘Woe unto you lawyers! — for ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye, yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers. — Ye serpents, — ye generation of vipers! — How *can* you escape the damnation of *hell*?’ — *Luke xi. 46. Matt. xxiii. 33.* — A declaration stamped with the seal of *Heaven*. — Explain it away — ye sophisters, — if you can! —

I must not be censured here for asperity; they may be unpalatable truths, but still they *are* truths, and truths of the highest importance. Lord Bacon says, ‘Bitter and severe writing must not be hastily condemned; for men cannot contend *coldly* and without zeal, about things which they hold dear and valuable.’ It is a matter wherein the happiness of the people seems to be more and more affected by it, and which is certainly verging to that *ne plus ultra* or achme, when the necessity of a reform will be evident to every man.

The following scene which occurred in the trial of Good, *versus* Owen, in Guildhall, July 1800, is laughable and a pleasant lesson in this subject, and will I hope put my reader in good humour.

The Defendant, a shopkeeper in the country, was sued for speaking ill of an apprentice-boy, that lived next door to him.

One Hull, a horse-dealer, was called, and desired to relate what he knew of the matter. — ‘Know of it?’ replied he, I know nothing of it, and yet I believe it will be the ruin of my family. *I* am subpæna’d, and my *wife* is subpæna’d, and my *daughter* is subpæna’d, and my *boy* is subpæna’d, and my *maids* are subpæna’d, and yet none of us know

any thing about the matter. Tom, to be sure, *did* say something, but I suppose he had been drilled, as Sam Crossley used to drill *his* witnesses. — He has been waiting in court these three days, and his head is now so stuffed with law, that he can talk about nothing else. — He was formerly a main stupid, awkward, and an obliging lad, but now, when I order him to go into the hay-field, or do any other business, he speaks to me about subpœna's and vardicts, and says he must attend his duty, in the court of Common-pleas.

Counsel. Who was Sam Crossley?

Hull. A lawyer — and yet — the best friend I ever had.

Lord Chief Justice. How did he befriend you?

Hull. If your lordship will give me leave I'll tell you. I was one day sitting in a coffee-house with Sam, and after he had got about half-seas-over, he suddenly exclaimed, 'I *did* Oliver Odd-fellow to day,' (It was thus he always called Lord Mansfield.) 'I queer'd him.' — I asked him how he was able to do that? He replied, 'I can, when I please, and I proceed thus. — Before a cause is tried, I lay hold of each of the witnesses; — pump out of him every word of truth he contains, and then cram him full of lies, to answer my purpose. — When he is placed in the witness-box, up they come, pure and undiluted, dupe old Noll and his jurymen, and bring off myself and client with flying colors.' From that day, my Lord, I have never gone to law. — I once told the story to Lord Mansfield, and when he was able, for laughing, he asked me how I kept out of the courts, since I was a great *horse-dealer*. I answered, that when I was in the hands of a gentleman, I thought I could not be in better hands, and when I had to do with one blackguard, it would be absurd to make things worse, by applying to another.' Lord Mansfield said, Hull, you're very right, I highly commend you.'

Counsel. Where is your friend Crossley now?

Hull. Soon after his brother was hanged, *he* was sent upon his travels.

Counsel attempt not only to be witty at the expence of a witness, but to be severe. They are, however, frequently played off in their own way.

A decent young man appeared in court, at Wells, to bail a defendant for £70, and the counsel for the plaintiff, inquiring who and what he was, says, — I presume sir, you will have *a good dinner*, and — hem! for this kind office — hah? —

Witness, coolly. I am never *without* a good dinner.

Counsel. And — a bottle of wine — and so — ?

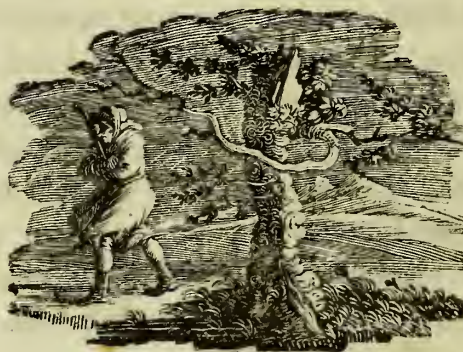
Witness. Two.

Counsel waspishly. Are you worth *seventy pounds*, sir?

Witness, holding forth a bank note of £100. A *hundred*, — you see.

Counsel, sneering and sitting down. Well, — put it in your pocket. — I advise you to think much of it and take care of it.

Witness, very coolly and drily. There is little danger, I believe, of losing it, — if you keep your seat.



CHAP. XV.

A Humourous Dialogue between a Barrister and his Client. An anecdote on Mrs. Rudd's Trial — Anecdote of Sir James Mansfield.

I remember to have seen a pantomime, called Harlequin Touchstone, wherein this motley hero, on touching a person, with his magic sword, obliged him, in the moment of utterance, contrary to his will, to speak his real sentiments; instead of those false assertions, which self-interest, or worldly motives, would otherwise have given vent to. Had he so touched a certain well-known barrister, the following would have been his replies to an old client.

Client. I wish to retain you, sir, in my cause, it being rather a *bad* one, and requires a man of your ingenuity and eloquence, to make it a *good* one.

Barrister. I am unfortunately, my *good friend*, retained by your opponent, whose case, if I am instructed right, is much worse than yours, and it will require great art to give it the semblance of justice. I respect and love you, but the duties of my profession call upon me, if possible, to overthrow you, and raise your antagonist upon *your* ruin; — and I do not despair; for common *juries*, are common *men*, so ignorant as scarcely to know right from wrong, and he who can bring forward a few specious arguments, can bend them at his will.

Client. It is certainly a defect in our laws, that it should be so. — Juries should be select men, — men of sense, and competent to decide upon the case, with justice and equity.

Barrister. Either plaintiff or defendant, if they please, may have men of tolerable understanding, by impannelling what is called a *special jury*; but this is expensive, and seldom allowed in taxed costs; they have a guinea each for attending, and twelve guineas in the present, litigious

age, is often more than a cause is worth; for the disposition of man is such, that some seek *revenge* more than *justice*, and will sue a poor devil for forty shillings, though they risk a hundred pounds in so doing. Thus it is that lawyers gowns are said to be lined with the wilfullness of their clients. But, by the by, *we* have no reason to complain of this, — it tends to fill our pockets. — In short, it would be impossible for lawyers to live, if men were good christians.

Client. The success of a cause then does not, I understand, always depend upon a jury?

Burrister. Far from it; they are, when combined, merely a piece of mechanism, that acts as it is set in motion. They neither see with their own eyes, nor hear with their own ears, but wait the direction we give them.

Indeed they too often seem to wait the watch-word. — When the Hon. Cosmo Gordon was tried, for killing a gentleman in a duel, I happened to be present, and to stand close to Mr. Wateridge, the foreman of the jury, whom I knew something of. After the counsel for the prosecution, (now Judge Graham) had opened the case, he was proceeding to prove it by evidence, and called Colonel Gordon's second. This gentleman was on the point of declaring the fact, but Judge Gould, who was on the bench, interrupted him, saying, 'If you convict the prisoner, sir, by your evidence, you must immediately after take his place, and be tried for your life, as an accessory.' Mr. Graham remonstrated against this interruption, but the Judge declared it to be his duty to caution the evidence, not to criminate himself; saying, that if he thought proper, after this caution, to proceed in his deposition, he would hear it. The gentleman immediately objected, and said, he would not say a word more. Nor, replied the Judge, shall I compel you. The consequence of this was, that the killing was not proved, and it so happened, that before the summing up, a juryman was taken ill, and begged leave to retire, and the business was suspended for some time. I then said to the foreman of the jury, you

can do nothing with him, for they have *not* proved the *killing*. This foreman was a respectable tradesman, and far from being an unintelligent man; but notwithstanding this, when the evidence was summed up, in doing which the judge made it quite clear, that the person slain, owed his death, *to a shot from the prisoner*, yet the matter was presently settled. — The foreman of the jury echoed my words, to his brother jurymen, ‘We can do nothing with him, for they have *not* proved the *killing*,’ and the Colonel was found not guilty; so that, I may say, I was in some measure instrumental in Colonel Gordon’s acquittal. — Mr. Wateridge has since acknowledged it.

But it is not every jurymen that thus waits the watch-word. Among those who tried the famous, or rather the *infamous* Mrs. Rudd, who was concerned with the Perreau’s, in their forgeries was a Mr. Walsh, who had been a valet to the late Lord Chesterfield, and to whom she owed her acquittal. He wrote short-hand, examined the witnesses himself, and took notes. Being requested by the judge to put his questions to the court, and he would ask them; he replied, ‘Who is to try the prisoner, my Lord, you or I?’ ‘The jury, certainly,’ said his Lordship. ‘Then I must,’ returns Walsh, ‘examine the witnesses myself.’ He once interrupted the judge whilst summing up the evidence, with ‘I beg pardon, my Lord, either *your* notes are wrong, or *mine*, for I have no such matter in evidence as your Lordship has advanced.’ The judge contested the point, and it was referred to Mr. Gurney, the short-hand writer, appointed to take down the trials at the Old Bailey, who admitted that Mr. Walsh was correct and his Lordship not. By this conduct, he was looked up to by his brother-jurymen, and he told me, that when they retired to consider of their verdict, that the whole of them, except himself, were for convicting the prisoner; that he went through the evidence again, and by his arguments brought them all over to his way of thinking, and she was acquitted.

The judge, on summing up, pointed out her guilt clearly, and had it not been for Mr. Walsh, who was pleased to see things in a more favorable light, she would have suffered. On bringing in the verdict, the court was surprised. The judge however addressing himself to Mr. Walsh, said, 'I wish every jurymen acted as you have done, with the same attention and intelligence', and turning to the prisoner, said, 'You certainly owe your life to this very lenient jury.'

There seemed here a determination of Mr. Walsh to acquit her, right or wrong. Much may be said in favour of mercy; but I do not think the obstinacy of *one* jurymen out of twelve, should be able to force the opinion of the rest—in the new French code of laws, which is chiefly ascribed to the pen of Mr. Erskine our present chancellor; this is enacted to the contrary.

It is astonishing, when we consider how ignorant the generality of petty jurymen are, and how readily they are led away, by the opinion of another.—When juries were first established, a freehold of forty shillings value, which qualifys a man for a jurymen, was equal to £30 now; and a man possessing an estate, equal to £30 a year, at that period, was supposed to be a man of some education; whereas now such freeholders are men of no education, and of course, not fit to act as jurymen on the lives and properties of their fellow subjects.—When Mr. Horne Tooke was tried for a libel on the Rt. Hon. Geo. Onslow now Earl Onslow, at Guildford assizes, I was in the court, and one Russel, an upholsterer, of Guildford, was the crier of that court; and being in the habit of always crying out, when the evidence was summed up, 'Gentlemen of the jury, lay your heads together, and consider of your vardict;' did so now, when an arch fellow in the croud, bawled out, 'Hold your silly tongue, Russel, there is not a jurymen that has a head among them.'

Lord Mansfield, who tried the cause would have committed the man, but no one would declare who it was.

But, to resume our dialogue.

Counsel. You see it is the interest of clients, my good friend, to fee us well; for we can, when we please, turn the most glaring truths into direct falsehoods, and often mislead a *judge*. We measure our words by the guinea. When I have been well paid, without any argument in my favor, I have talked down the ears and conceptions of a jury, till they have not known, whether I was pleading in behalf of the plaintiff or defendant; just as too great a glare of light will blind a man; so that he cannot see the objects before him: nay, I have by *A. versus B.* 25 Crown Cases, 251. *B. versus C.* Roll's Abridgment 78; and 25 Statute, 8 Hen. chap. 16. Section 2. and a thousand other references to our reports and statutes, with all the law jargon of the courts; so perplexed, confused, and tired out a judge, that he has almost as little understood the case as the jury: and then it is a toss-up whether the plaintiff gains his cause or loses it; especially if it be about dinner-time, when their stomachs cry out loudly for food; or after dinner, when the wine's in and the wit's out, and a plentiful dinner has stupified the senses. Indeed, when our case is doubtful, we always recommend it to the attorney, to get it set down in the cause-list, if possible, to come on just before or after dinner.

Client smiling. There is certainly something in this.

Bar. Something? — a *great deal*. — It is *all*. — Every thing depends upon it. — Nature will be nature, though the devil stands at the door. Nay it has a further tendency to forward our purpose. We *always* have an eye to the disposition of the counsel on the other side. Some men are so faint, when hungry, as to have but few ideas; and others, after dinner, are so fond of the bottle, that they would rather lose their cause than their wine. I have known Serjeant Guzzle not return to court, 'till his cause was over.

Client. This surely must have hurt his reputation.

Bar. Not much. He was so enriched with the gift of the gab, and had so much to say, on all sides; so much chicanery, so much artifice, so much to puzzle, so much to confound, — in short, his bar-eloquence was so great, that he *must* have been employed; for if he saw that he was the less retained on this account; he would, in the worst of causes, have taken such pains, used such exertions, and continued on his legs so long, as to bear down all before him; just as an unwieldy East-India ship will run down and sink a sloop of war, not by dint of metal, but by weight and burden. — It is wisdom to retain some men at the bar, though we do not need them; and merely that they may not be employed against us.

Client. But he must have acted contrary to his own interest; for when fees are given to counsel, and they do not attend, I presume they return these fees?

Barrister, laughing. Ha, ha, ha, Never — *Never.* — We never return a fee. — A man of eminence at the bar, never thinks of such a thing: refunding is no part of our creed.*

* My attorney, Sir William Herne, late an alderman of London, once gave Mr. Mansfield, now Sir James, and chief-justice, thirty guineas, with a brief, in a cause of mine, which he did not think proper to attend; and particularly as two other counsel then were engaged in the same cause. This being the case, I conceived myself entitled to a return of the money. Counsel, said he, never return their fees, whether they attend or not. I gave Sir John Scott, now Lord Eldon, fifty guineas with a brief, but he did not attend; nor shall I ask him to return the money. You may ask Mr. Mansfield, continued he, but I cannot. Was I to do it, he would be displeased, and probably not take a brief of me again, and he ranks too high at the bar, for me to offend him.

Determined not to lose my money, I went to his chambers; with some difficulty saw him, and said, as it was not convenient to him, to attend the hearing of my cause, I trusted that he would return his fee. He replied, it is a thing we never do: on my urging it with warmth, he said, we never return money but to *poor* clients. Then, retorted I, I am a *poor* client, and expect it, and drawing my chair up close to him, I told him that we were on too near a degree of equality to wrangle, and I would admit of no excuse — *have* it, I *would*. More surprised at these latter words, he said,

Client. If a counsel accepts a fee, and does not attend the cause, the law I presume would compel him to return it?

Bar. It would—but who is to enforce that law? Where is the attorney who would *dare* to do it, or what counsel would open the case? Be assured, my good friend, we know what we are about. The powers of the law are too much in our own hands, and nothing short of a revolution will take it out.

Client. It appears to me that a *revolution* then, as you call it, is necessary, and that on more accounts than this. The law is so exceedingly intricate, that few can comprehend it. The common-law, which depends upon the constructions put on it by courts, is continually changing. What was common-law in the time of our Richard's and Henry's, is not so now; it has been so strained and warped, as not to carry a similar face. Nay, it changes under the administration of different chief-justices. Under that of Lord Mansfield, it had one complexion; under that of Lord Kenyon another. In short, precedent is no precedent; and if precedents are receded from, the common-law of this land, may be as unstable and variable as the wind.

Bar. The more unstable and uncertain it is, the better for our profession. Litigation is a lottery, in which the litigant delights to game; and those who have most money are best able, and generally best disposed to run the greatest risk. There are men who have got fortunes by going to law; surely, if they get large sums through us, it is but fair that we should have some of it. Revenge, as I have said;

well, sir, send your solicitor to me, I will look into the business; and see what you are entitled to expect.—The *whole*, said I, and left him. Sir William saw him and was rated soundly for sending me to him; and being asked whether I had any sons or daughters, and finding I had a daughter, he said he would *give* it to *her*, but was determined not to return it to me; as it should be no precedent: accordingly he gave him a draft, on his banker, for twenty-five guineas, payable to Miss Trusler; a subterfuge truly ridiculous. On this, I wrote to him, saying, it would have been more to his credit, had he returned the whole; but it would afford me an opportunity of asking him for the remainder, either in court, or on some public occasion, where I might chance to meet with him.

often leads a man on, and he will cheerfully lose £50, to make his antagonist lose three times the sum. This does no harm in the end. It circulates the public cash, benefits the state, and yields a good maintenance to us. The revenue is hereby considerably augmented by the multiplicity of stamps, and the glorious uncertainty of the law; and if money is taken out of the pockets of A, it is found in that of B.

Client. But if laws were better known and ascertained, would it not be better for society in general?

Bar. No. It might be better for some, and worse for others. If a man disposed to go to law, was certain of *success*, it would encourage and benefit the penurious; but, at the same time, it might oppress the distressed; and if a claim was to be recovered in a short and summary way, the state would suffer, and the lawyers would starve. Courts of conscience hurt us beyond measure. Conscience is a lawyer's bane. — We have nothing to do with it. — Had I regarded conscience, I should not have been worth the money I am. — All men must live. — Whilst the profession of the law exists, its professors must eat, and for the honor of that law, they must eat like gentlemen. * The great intricacy and uncertainty of the law, enables us to do this well. Demurrers, exceptions, cross-actions, writs of error, and other professional ingenuities, serve to spin out proceedings and augment our fees.

Client. But this is not the worst. There are so many subtleties, niceties, and informalities, in the practice, that a man's cause often falls to the ground, through the ignorance of attorneys, special pleaders and barristers. No man is safe: as a flaw in an indictment will often screen a villain; so an error in the proceedings will often overthrow the best claim.

A certain king's counsel, now living, was so enraged with an innkeeper at Guildford, for giving the barristers on their circuit, what he called bad dinners, that he had it in contemplation to move the courts, not to hold assizes any more at that town; thus sacrificing the conveniences of the people, to the gluttony of the lawyers; the consequence of a temple-education.

Bar. And happy for the profession that it does so. It encourages merit and industry, and induces us to study; knowing that he who has the most art will have the best practice.

Client. What then becomes of the inferior order of counsel — young practitioners?

Bar. In pity to them, we recommend them references; that is, instead of a hearing before a jury, *in* court, we refer the case to the arbitration of a young barrister, *out* of court.

Client. This is indeed very kind; taking the money out of your own pockets and putting it into theirs.

Bar. smiling. Don't mistake me. — We never do this at our own expence, but at the expence of the parties. — We take care first to receive our consultation-fees, and to secure the fees of court; (those belonging to the several officers of assize; for we must not forget *them*;) and then, by referring, we shorten the business of such assizes, which in the present spirit of litigation, would protract our circuits, and leave us little time for enjoyment.

Client. I see plainly, that you have an argument for every thing. Will the practice of the courts, sir, allow you to plead the cause of him who pays you best? If so, I think I shall endeavour to outbid my antagonist.

Bar. Not after we are retained; — I wish it did; we should then, as many voters do, take bribes from both parties, and give our voice to him who paid us best. The late Sir Bull-face Double-fee of noted memory, received fees on both sides. He would have made a good judge, but Heaven promoted him and took him from us. He would have 'weighed each cause in a ballance,' and would have determined as 'he found it wanting.'

Client. Pray tell me — what is the true meaning of *brow-beating*?

Bar. It is a new term, unknown to the ancients. It is taking an advantage of a weak, nervous witness, and letting the little understanding he has, out of him, by boring him in his weak part, where he is most

irritable, and asking questions that cut him to the quick, either in his pride or his veracity.

Client. Is this fair?

Bar. Pardon me — all stratagems are fair in war. — Such questions are often very strong *leaders*.

Client. It may lead a man *out* of his way, but——

Bar. In leading him *out* of *his*, we lead him *into ours*, — we lead him often to contradict himself, and thus invalidate his testimony.

Client. I have heard of *leading* questions, but never 'till now, knew what they led *to*. — Well sir, this lesson will have a good effect with me; if I once get out of the present scrape, I'll take care how I get into another.

‘Whatever you do,’ said Lord Chief-Justice Willes to a friend, who wished to consult him on some law-matter. — ‘Whatever you do, never go to law, — submit rather to almost any imposition; bear any oppression, rather than exhaust your spirits and your pockets, in what is called a court of justice.’ — It is almost proverbial, that of all English commodities, justice is by far the dearest; and it is well known that lawyers seldom go to law themselves.

Wisely has it been said, that he who would go to law, must have a *good* cause, a *good* purse, a *good* attorney, a *good* advocate, *good* evidence, and a *good* judge and jury — and having all these *goods*; unless he has also *good* luck, he will stand but a *bad* chance of success.

CHAP. XVI.

Author offered a Chaplainship, and a Rectory in Ireland — Took the Curacy of St. Clement's, London — Appointed Reader of Somerset-house Chapel — Chaplain of the Poultry-Compter, and Lecturer of St. George's, Botolph-lane — The Nature of Chance, illustrated by remarkable Anecdotes.

COLONEL Tonson's attachment to me was warm and friendly. Whilst at Ockley, he shewed me every attention, and when he was made acquainted with my determination of leaving the place, he took some pains to induce me to settle in Ireland, and said, he would allot me an apartment of six rooms in his house at Dunkettle, near Cork; give me a salary of £200 a year, as his chaplain, and bind himself to continue to me these advantages, till he could procure me a living of equal value. I had three months to consider of this; during which time he introduced me to Dr. Brown, Bishop of Cork. Mrs. Trusler and I dined with the colonel, the bishop was of the party, and a living being then to be disposed of in Spanish Island, off the town of Cork, of which Colonel Tonson, was the chief land-holder and lord of the manor, he persuaded the bishop to give it to me, and said, if I would accept it, he would give me for my life, as many acres of land in that island, as I might wish to occupy. The bishop offered me the living, and though to one, of so little expectation as myself, it might be deemed an advantageous offer; yet, being a solitary spot, and my wife objecting to our leaving England, I not only declined accepting the living, but Colonel Tonson's chaplaincy.

On the death of my wife, which happened in December 1762, after three years marriage, I should have been happy to have embraced his proposal, but the colonel was then in his grave. She left me a son, to whom colonel Tonson was a god-father.

From Ockley I removed to London, and took the curacy of St. Clement-Danes, in the Strand, and became presently sensible of the weight of parochial duty in a large and populous parish; but I soon found that I drew a considerable congregation, and was esteemed a very popular preacher. A variety of droll adventures which occurred in my professional character here, is set forth in a novel called *Modern Times*, and are literally true; to this book I must refer my reader if he wishes to know them.

Notwithstanding the emoluments of this cure, were more than £100 a year, yet the fatigue of duty was so great, that I never could call an hour of the day my own. I read prayers in the church daily, morning and evening; christened fourteen or fifteen children every sunday, after performing the morning-service; three or four every day, at the houses of different people; perhaps as many private baptisms in each day, when children were sick; attending the sick-beds of parishioners two or three times a day; seldom less than two or three weddings every morning, and two or three burials every evening. This was too laborious for any one to continue long; but this labor was sweetened, with many an unexpected present. Before I had been appointed to this church half a year, a well dressed woman called at my apartments, in Somerset-house, and delivered a letter into my hands, and left me without waiting an answer. On opening it, I found a bank-note inclosed, and with it, the following lines, evidently written by a female, but without a name.—

“*Reverend Sir,*

“*The constant desire you have to please your parishioners, has met with the satisfaction you must wish. — This letter is to thank you for it. Be pleased to accept the enclosed, from*

“*An unknown Well Wisher.*”

From the accumulation of duty I had to perform, it is natural to suppose, that I should be glad to change my situation, as soon as possible; especially as though I was much esteemed, there was little prospect of any thing in this church: it determined me therefore to be more at liberty, even if I got less money. Knowing *my own* abilities, it only wanted leisure to turn them to advantage. Having quitted this curacy, in the year 1761, Dr. Bruce, the King's chaplain, at Somerset-House Chapel, employed me as his assistant, with a salary of £40 a year, and to make up for the advantages I had quitted, through his interest, got me appointed, (under the mayoralty of Sir Samuel Fludyer,) chaplain to the Poultry-Compter, with a salary of £30 a year, making £70 in the whole. All the duty I had now to perform was to read prayers at the chapel, sunday, wednesday and friday mornings, and officiate once a week at the Compter. This occupied but little of my time, and enabled me to hold a lecture-ship in the city, to which I was soon after elected, by a majority of ten to one; in opposition to five other candidates. This lecture-ship was the united parishes of St. George, Botolph-lane, and St. Botolph, Billingsgate, which I held twenty years, and experienced innumerable civilities from the respectable inhabitants.

In order to be licensed to this lecture-ship, I obtained a testimonial of my good life and character, for three years past, signed by

Dr. Morgan, confessor of the King's household.

Mr. Todd, rector of Tollshunt-Knights, Essex.

Mr. Boote, A. M. chaplain to the Princess Amelia, and

Mr. J. Robertson, vicar of Herriad, Hants.

to which Dr. Bruce was pleased to subjoin,

'I beg leave to represent to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London, that during two years past, I have known the Rev. Mr. John Trusler, who has been an inhabitant of Somerset-House, and from my personal regard to every part of his character, have chosen him my assistant in Somerset-House chapel.'

Signed, Lewis Bruce, D. D. Preacher of his Majesty's Chapel, Somerset-House.

July 7, 1762.

A a

As there is something singular in the history of three of these gentlemen, I will take the liberty to relate it. Dr. Morgan procured his preferment at St. James's, worth £300 a year, merely by a petition to the King, saying that the Bishop of London, as Dean of the Chapel, had promised him this situation, when vacant; and the Bishop being dead, and no other appointed, solicited his Majesty to give it to *him*, and it was done.

Mr. Todd, reader at Oxford-Chapel, London, had a large family and a very small income. The Miss Henley's, sisters to the Chancellor, who frequented this chapel, dining with their brother, and the conversation turning on the very scanty provision, some of the clergy possessed, who merited a better; they named Mr. Todd, as one among the many. — No notice was taken of him at the time, but about six months after, the chancellor gave him this living, and begged his sisters would present it to him; and his nomination to this rectory, was in the newspapers, before he was made acquainted with his good fortune.

Mr. Robertson procured his preferment, by marrying the niece of the Duke of Bolton's housekeeper, who gave it to her as a fortune; and so shortened was her friends as to time, not finding a proper man, and fearing a lapse, they were reduced to the necessity of making it public through the newspapers. But there could not be a happier couple, or a more respectable man.

Still desirous of having more leisure, and only sunday-duty to perform, I very soon quitted Somerset-house chapel; and, though my duty was in London, I took a house in Rotherithe, below London-bridge, where I became acquainted with a young man, whom I introduce for no other reason, than to acquaint my readers with an anecdote respecting him, that points out the luck some men meet with unsought for; like my friend Mr. Todd just mentioned,

whilst others are in search of good fortune all their lives and never meet with it; and is one argument among many of, That which is to be, *shall* be; and that chance or what the predestinarian's call destiny, often befriends those who least expect it. — Though I call it *chance*, it is doubtless the design of Heaven; it is so, in the opinion of a Paley, a Porteus and a thousand others.

When men do not discern the causes of events, they ignorantly attribute, that to blind chance, which proceeds from an act of providence; the following instance will make this clear.

About the beginning of the seventeenth century, one Octavio May, a dealer in silks at Lyons, a man of good capacity, and industry, by a chain of unlucky circumstances, was brought into a very unhappy situation. Standing one day in his shop, brooding over his misfortunes, he happened to put a little tuft of raw silk into his mouth, and grinding it a while between his teeth, at last spit it out. It fell immediately before him, and observing that it had an unusual lustre, it struck him so much as to bring him out of his vapours. He took it up, considered it, traced back the whole process of the operation; the rubbing between the teeth; the mixture of a clammy liquor, such as the saliva; and the performing this in a place naturally warm, in the mouth; he immediately went to work, and copying nature, produced those lusted or watered taffeties, for which Lyons has been ever since famous; and thereby acquired an immense fortune. — In short, in this world of uncertainty, we know not whether the evils that attend us, may not be fore-runners of good, in order to enhance our enjoyment; nor whether what we suppose to be good fortune, may not be evil in disguise.

Mr. Holland, the inventor and patentee of the fleecy hosiery, which he could turn to very little profit, from not being able to

make it elastic, declared to me, that he discovered a mode of doing this in a dream; that he had issued a reward of £50 among his men, who worked at the stocking-frame, to the first person who could discover a mode of rendering the hosiery elastic: for more than twelve months this remained unknown; but, Holland being bred up to the stocking-manufacture himself, the secret was unravelled to him in the night. He immediately waked, got up, at four in the morning, worked six hours at the frame, and produced a piece of perfectly elastic, fleecy hosiery, by which he is now getting a fortune.

The young man I alluded to, at Rotherithe, was Mr. Jacob Wolfe, third mate of an Indiaman, and afterwards master of a trading vessel. He lived with his father, in Paradise-street, Rotherhithe, through which carriages often pass in their way from London bridge to Deptford and Greenwich, and whose name was on his door. Mrs. Wolfe, the mother of General James Wolfe, had a house at Deptford, and frequently passed in her carriage through this street, and often noticed the name Wolfe, upon this door. She was then a widow, and her son, and only child, had fallen at Quebec, in his Country's service. This young man standing at his door one day, as she passed, she ordered her coachman to stop, and begged to speak with him. He was a gentleman-like man, of good figure and mien, and always well dressed. She asked him if his name was Wolfe, and being answered in the affirmative, gave him her card, said she was the mother of the late General Wolfe, and if he could make it convenient to him, at any time, to call upon her at Deptford, she should be happy to see him. He consulted me upon the occasion, and I advised him to pay her a visit, as it might possibly tend to his advantage.

He took an early opportunity of doing this, and she received him hospitably. She told him, that she had the honor of being the widowed mother of the general, and was now childless; and inquired particularly into his family, and from what part of the world he came.

Like many other weak people who court deception, she made him acquainted with her own family, from what country they were, and ended with saying, that should it turn out, as she hoped it would, that he was a branch of the same family, she should be proud to adopt him as her son. This was enough. He said, that he and his father having been separated from each other, by a life of sea-service, he had never inquired much into his ancestry, but that he would ask his father every particular, and make her acquainted with it the next time he saw her.

His father was a shrewd, artful man, and made his son no less so. He advised him to humour the old lady, and to say that his family came from the place where she said, that she was born, and that he was certainly a branch of the same family. This being well concerted and followed up, Mrs. Wolfe grew more and more attached to him, called him cousin, and went so far as to shew him all her plate, of which she had a great quantity; and it bearing the cypher of I. W. said, it would stand as well for *Jacob Wolfe* as *James Wolfe*; would need no erasement, and assured him that he should be heir to all she possessed. He seemed to smile at her weakness, and the deceit; it not being congenial to his disposition, and did not pay her that attention, some men would have done, under a similar invitation. She had made a memorandum in her pocket-book respecting him; but finding herself neglected, and dying whilst he was at sea, did not make her will in his favor, but omitted to erase the memorandum in her pocket-book, which, falling into the hands of Sir Jeffery, late Lord Amherst, her executor, was the making of his fortune. The memorandum was to this effect—‘Not to omit introducing my cousin, Captain James Wolfe, junior, of Paradise-street, Redriff, to my friend Sir Jeffery Amherst, to do something for him; as the nearest male-relation of my son, General James.’

Soon after this, on my friend's return from sea, he received a

letter from Lord Amherst, requesting to see him. He had some suspicion of the business, Mrs. Wolfe having frequently said, that she would recommend him to Sir Jeffery, who had fought under her son on the plains of Abraham; and was the friend of his bosom.

On seeing Lord Amherst, he shewed him the memorandum in Mrs. Wolfe's pocket-book, and told him that as his Majesty and the country was much indebted to his deceased friend, he thought he might with propriety ask some favor for him. 'Are you,' said he, 'in the army or navy? If in the former, I can serve you myself;' he being commander-in-chief. Wolfe replied, that having been bred to the sea, he should be out of his element in any other line; that he was ambitious of being commander of a post-office packet, which was in the gift of the postmasters-general; but he should apprehend, it would not be difficult for his lordship to obtain the promise of one, on the next vacancy, if the application was made in time and warmly recommended: Lord Amherst promised his interference, and in a year or two after, he was appointed through the interest of his lordship, to the command of a West-India packet, worth £700 a year; in which employ he continued till he died.

Another remarkable instance of similar good fortune, but in another line, fell within my knowledge, which will be the last I shall mention.

I was once a resident at Cobham, in Surry, where a Mr. Hardinge, curate of the parish, through an acquaintance with a gentleman living in Essex, obtained the vicarage of Castle-Heddingham, in that county, of which Mr. Elwes of famous memory, was lay-rector and patron. This friend of Mr. Hardinge, though a stranger to Mr. Elwes, contrived to get him the refusal of the vicarage. The manner *how*, whether by purchase, or otherwise, is

not to the purpose. If it was bought, the purchase-money was very little, the value of the living being scarce £100 a year. Mr. Elwes ordered his proctor to make out the presentation, and by some accident or *fatality*, the word *rectory* was introduced instead of *vicarage*; and in this state, over-looked, it was sent to the bishop of London, who instituted Mr. Hardinge, and he was inducted into the living, and the bishop's leave of non-residence obtained; Hardinge continuing curate of Cobham. Six months after this, the bishop sent for him, and asked him, if he had resided at all, at Castle-Heddingham? The reply was, 'No.' 'Then Sir,' said the bishop, 'you may save yourself the trouble of going there to reside in future, for I have given away the vicarage to a friend of mine.'—This alarmed Hardinge, who confused, urged in his excuse, that having obtained his lordship's leave of absence, he conceived his residence not necessary. The bishop smiled at the consternation he had thrown poor Hardinge into, but revived his spirits, by telling him, that on being translated to the bishopric of London, and examining his office-papers, he had discovered that the great tithes and glebe of Castle-Heddingham belonged to the church; but that by some unfair means, which he could not develop, Mr. Elwes, or his ancestors had alienated the rectory from the vicarage, and kept the great tithes in their own hands; and that he had determined, should an opportunity ever occur, whilst he was bishop of London, to recover them, if possible, to the church. 'In making out the presentation,' said the bishop, 'you was, by mistake, appointed to the *rectory*, instead of the *vicarage*; this I noticed at the time of your institution, but did not apprise you of it; and you are inducted *rector* instead of *vicar*.—I was silent, in order to let the six months elapse, since the vacancy of the vicarage, and no presentation being sent me, I have, by virtue of my prerogative, presented a friend of mine to the vicarage, and he is inducted; but you have no reason to be unhappy, the great tithes amounting to six hundred pounds a year, with a good farm upon it, of sixty

acres of rich land, and a good house, of which you are now the possessor. It is a rectory, without cure of souls, the vicar doing the duty, and is tenable with any other preferment.'

'What,' cried Mr. Hardinge, 'will Mr. Elwes say to this?' 'Tell him,' said his Lordship, 'that it was an act of mine, and I will support it with my whole fortune.' When Mr. Elwes was made acquainted with it, he was angry, and said he should contest it with the bishop; but inquiring thoroughly into the nature of the business, and finding that he was wrong and the bishop right, he was obliged to acquiesce; and Mr. Hardinge enjoys this rectory now, very much improved, and is in the commission of the peace for the county of Essex; and what is still further extraordinary, Mr. Elwes having, through negligence, omitted to collect his rectorial tithes for two years before; they became the property of Mr. Hardinge, and amounted to upwards of £1200.

Having thus fortuitously got this living, said I, to Mr. Hardinge, should the vicar die, whilst you hold the rectory, you may present yourself to the vicarage, if you think proper; for there is an act of one of the Henry's to this effect; that if, by any means, the great and small tithes of a church have been separated, the holder of the great tithes, on the death of the vicar, may take possession of the small ones. Whether this has taken place or not, is to me unknown.

Here was a combination of events to bring about a certain end. The preceding observation and determination of the bishop, the mistake of the proctor, the oversight both of the patron and Mr. Hardinge; but as I shall have occasion to speak more of secret causes hereafter, I shall drop the subject now, desiring only, that this list of anecdotes, which I have here brought forward, may be kept in remembrance, as proofs of the doctrine I shall advance.

CHAP. XVII.

*Rules for Teaching Oratory mechanically—Modes of Acquiring it—
on Reading well—Author attends Medical Lectures—goes to Leyden,
to Graduate.*

BEING now much at leisure, I turned my thoughts to what I conceived would not only be beneficial to myself, but useful to society; for to this end we are born. The first thing I planned was an academy to teach oratory *mechanically*. This may draw a smile from some of my readers, who may consider it as a natural gift; but Longinus did not think so, or he would not have taken such pains as he did, to form an orator. I had the honor to read a public lecture in London on the practicability of this plan, before Dr. Samuel Johnson, Dr. Birch, Doctors Maty, Morton, and Knight, of the Museum. Sir John Fielding, Sir John Hill, Dr. Goldsmith, and all the literati then in town; and after it recited Cicero's Defence of Milo, and not only with the applause of my hearers, but accompanied with their decided opinion, that the thing was not only practicable, but likely to become of general use.

My plan was to have no pupils, but such as had finished their scholastic education; and to pursue with these the following mode of instruction; which I here give, hoping that some one perhaps of more abilities than myself, may, in some future time, take up.

1. Teaching them to read with grace, propriety, and proper tone, not forgetting accent, cadency, flexion of voice, and emphasis.

2. Accustoming them in defining words, and in explaining one word by many, and many words by one.

3. Giving them a substantive, and using them from recollection to add to that substantive, all its proper epithets, either in praise or dispraise.

4. Requiring them to express sentences in different modes, and using them to synonymous terms.

5. Requesting them to point out the difference between words esteemed synonymous and give examples of the right use of them. *

6. Exercising them in writing passages, from different authors; first reading the passage, then taking off the eye and writing the subject-matter in their own language.

7. Causing them to find out similies for subjects given them, and this from recollection.

8. Exercising them in examples by recollection, from history, &c.

9. Using them to writing themes, in a methodical manner, as by reason, simile, example, confirmation, and conclusion.

10. Making them acquainted with the various figures of rhetoric.

11. Debating among themselves in private, and acting as their moderator.

12. And to give them courage and confidence; at certain stated times, calling public meetings and there debating and declaiming, as in the universities; teaching them the different expressions of particular passions, and the just and necessary action that should accompany their words, in public and private life.

My terms were moderate, so that I had a great many pupils. They constantly attended me, but finding that it did not pay me, adequate to my labour; and not being able to increase my price, I gave it up. This was in 1762; I lived then in Somerset-house, before it was converted into public offices.

Many years afterwards, when living in the neighbourhood of Windsor, I made a proposal to the head-master of Eton-School, to attend and teach young gentlemen there, the art of elocution,

* Such a work I have published in 2 volumes,

if he thought it advisable, and would do me the honour to countenance my endeavours; but not having been there bred, I did not succeed in my application. Had I been educated at Eton, instead of Westminster, the case would have been otherwise. So riveted are men to prejudice.

I conceive myself well qualified to teach a youth to read with propriety, and would undertake it any where, at Bath, within my reach, provided I was properly remunerated for my trouble. If parents expect this to be done at schools, they will be deceived; it requires more time and attention, than can be bestowed on them there; it never has been done. Schoolmasters know not how: this is evident from the thousands of educated men, who read little better than school-boys. Such as have any excellence in this way, have chiefly acquired it, by close application and attendance at theatres or by remarking the absurdity of public readers or speakers, and labouring to improve upon their errors. Parents are anxious to have their boys taught French, dancing, music, drawing and other accomplishments, and pay large prices for the same; and yet neglect the most essential thing in life, distinct utterance and good delivery of one's-self; for in learning to read, we also learn to speak well. And to what is this owing? It can only arise from the want of proper instructors in this art, and of knowing the great benefit in life, which youth would draw from it.

Indeed, in the present age of improvement, it strikes me as extraordinary, that some academy or seminary for eloquence, has not been attempted or thought of, but by myself. It must be owing, I say, to the want of masters sufficiently qualified to teach the English language. In point of reading also, the world is grossly mistaken; they imagine that the good reader, shews himself most in poetry, and are idly apt to think him a master of the language, who can whine through the lines and measure out the verse; whereas, on the contrary, good reading, consists in a

bold utterance, with a natural easy expression, regulated by a just pronunciation, emphasis and cadence, and is far more conspicuous in prose than in verse. In reading the latter, if a man has any tolerable ear, the harmony of the lines will lead him into a pleasing manner, though at the same time, it shall be very incorrect; but in prose, he has nothing of that to help him; so that the sentences will necessarily be flat, and insipid; unless pronounced with a studied manner of delivery. This shews the necessity of masters; for a bad pronunciation, accent, tone, monotony, catching of the voice, &c. are much owing to the reader's not being conscious of his faults.—How is it possible that *he* should mend, who knows not his error? The scholar ought then first to be made acquainted with the sense, and the force of expression of the passages, and then be well instructed in a just articulation, modern pronunciation, accent and emphasis, in the various pauses or stops, and how to regulate the pitch and management of his voice. This is only to be done by instructive practice; for it is as impossible to teach a person to read well, by written precept; as it would be to teach a man to sing, by telling him that such and such rules are to be observed; without putting those rules into action, exercising the voice, and correcting his errors, untill he arrives at a degree of precision.

If a man is to be a public reader or speaker, his fame, and frequently his fortune, depends much upon a good delivery. As a public speaker, it carries with it, its own conviction; and as a private one, every one must allow, that an easy and graceful manner of address is very engaging, and a distinguished mark of a liberal education. What manifest advantages, in all concerns of life, has the fluent and ready speaker, who can easily give birth to his sentiments, over him, who falters in his utterance, and is not able to express his ideas, but with difficulty; whose thoughts are smothered in the throat and die upon the tongue? It may be asked, how is it possible to put words into that man's mouth, who is at a loss for expression? Even this is to be done

by practice, where the mind is well informed and well stored, and where the memory is not defective ; which last is like all other qualities of the mind, strengthened and increased by use. I have experienced this wonderfully myself: having associated once a week with a few friends, fond of debate, and having continued it for three or four years, I acquired a facility of expression and a flow of words on all subjects of which I was master, that I conceived, once in my life, I never could have possessed. The chief aids to this faculty, is to be well acquainted with the subject-matter, and to deliver our thoughts slowly and deliberately. An evening passed in this manner, is not only improving, but entertaining ; and far more rational than the common chit-chat of the day, and the eternal noise in a large company, where every man wishes to be the first and the loudest speaker.

Independant of our future prospects in life, wherein the art of speaking may be of the highest moment; distinguished powers of conversation must be allowed to be an agreeable talent, and the source of pleasure, both to our friends and to ourselves ; and this can only be acquired by first learning to read with propriety.

I had not yet set out as an author, except in translating the *Burletta's*, I have already mentioned ; but gave myself much to reading ; it being my determination some day to profit by my studies ; to this end, I made extracts of all matters of importance I met with, in the course of my reading ; to which I added my own observations, as they then occurred. — So that the thousands of extracts which I have made in the course of years, interspersed with my own remarks, is a valuable library of itself. I have been at the trouble of arranging them under alphabetical heads, with an intent, at some future day, to give them to the world ; if it shall please God to spare my life so to do ; and I believe this will be the *finale* of all my labours. My readers will find a prospectus of this work, at the end of these pages.

Desirous of acquiring a knowledge of physic, I admitted myself a perpetual pupil of Doctors Hunter and Fordyce, and attended their lectures in anatomy, chemistry, the materia-medica and physic. My view was to add the medical profession to my own; not merely through a lucrative motive, but with a prospect also of being of some use to my poorer parishioners, if chance, at any future time, made me pastor of a parish. In short, I made myself sufficiently acquainted with medicine, to qualify for a doctor's degree; procured medical certificates from Doctors William Hunter and George Fordyce; and went over to Leyden for this purpose; recommended, in the following, warm manner (by Dr. Higgins, a gentleman of profound learning and great eminence in his profession, who had there graduated) to Gobius, the celebrated professor of medicine in that university; which degree his Majesty ratified by his sign-manual in my commission, when I was appointed chaplain to the late 90th regiment of foot; thus was I *doubly dubbed*. Secker, arch-bishop of Canterbury, took a medical degree at Leyden, as have done many of our English divines.

“ Dear Sir,

“ *As I have had the honor of being known to you when I graduated at Leyden, under your auspices, I trust to your distinguished liberality for the most favorable construction of the liberty I take in introducing to your acquaintance my worthy friend, the Rev. John Trusler, who is a graduate of Cambridge, and justly distinguished for his literary abilities. Any favor you may shew him, in the promotion of his views at Leyden, will be conferred on a gentleman worthy of your notice, and will be most gratefully acknowledged by*

your obliged, and most obedient servant and grateful pupil,

“ London, Greek-street, Soho. “Bryan Higgins.”

One advantage I have gained by my medical inquiries is, a discovery of a speedy, innocent, safe and infallible cure for the most inveterate ulcers, (which have baffled all the faculty) bruises and local pains, and which

if in the hands of an active surgeon, would soon create him a fortune. I have used it with never-failing success, and a regular bred surgeon has done the same, and has given me under his hand certificates of several cases in which he also has applied it, and does not hesitate to declare, that its healing principle is superior to any application hitherto used.* I made an attempt to profit by it, proposing to make it public to five hundred persons, who would subscribe two guineas each, and advertised my intention so to do; but did not obtain the number I wished. Thickness, in his tour through Brabant, mentions a German surgeon who cured the Elector Palatine of an ulcer in his leg of long standing, in less than a month; who had been on crutches many years; and had acquired a great fortune by his practice, and I do really believe that I have hit upon the very remedy. It is the most simple thing in nature, and so continually before us, that it is rather a matter of astonishment it has not occurred to thousands,—universally known, and yet as universally unattended to. As I do not mean it shall die with me, (indeed it is the request of many surgeons, to whom I have mentioned it), I will communicate this remedy with its mode of treatment, and the certificates I possess, to every purchaser of this work, by way of present, who may be desirous of knowing it; on delivering the order, annexed at the close of it, to my publisher, with half-a-crown, to defray the expences attending the commu-

* Mr. Edwards, a regular bred surgeon at Bath, in good practice, has favoured me with two or three cases, which I shall hereafter give, in which he has applied this remedy with success, and says, every day in which I used it brought fresh conviction to my mind of the great healing principle and granulating power of this remedy: and I firmly believe that no other remedy would have brought such wounds into so sound and perfect a state, in double the time. From a variety of cases in which I have tried it, this will cure when all other applications would fail. And again,

This remedy, I have found from experience, to cleanse a wound well, on its first application, and to bring it into a healthy state; and one of its principal properties is that of giving new life to old wounds, and bringing on granulation instantly; if the patient's blood is in a proper state.

Signed, Geo. Fred. Edwards.

nication; and which I conceive will repay him the money he may fancy he has thrown away upon this desultory farrago: for whether he is of the faculty or not, it may be of use in his own family, and enable him to do a good office occasionally to those who need it. But I hope such persons as possess it, will act so far honourably towards me, as during my life, to keep the secret to themselves.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

From cases I have to report, it will staunch bleeding, remove local pains, extract poison from wounds, and heal the most inveterate ulcers in a few days, where the constitution is not otherwise injured.

The following are some of the cases.

A lady with three gangrenous ulcers in her leg, one as large as a crown-piece, was cured in three weeks.

A man with a bad wound, as large as half the hand, on the shin-bone, and which became gangrenous by inattention, was cured in five days. It was easy from the first application.

Another in the same predicament was cured in seven days.

A lady whose eyelid, from a sty, was swelled to the size of pullet's egg, and looked quite angry and black, was cured in twenty-four hours.

A child who had a wound in the temple, and which had been under a surgeon's care for more than two months, and which endangered its life from its putridity, was cured in five days.

A gentleman whose feet swelled from a cold and left a violent pain, which continued increasing for three weeks, and allowed him no rest, was cured in twelve hours.

The same gentleman being kicked by a horse on the shin, his leg was so swelled, that his boot was cut off. This remedy being applied at night the next day he was free from pain and well.

A wound in the hand by the bite of a mad dog, was cured in three or four days.

A man who received a wound in the knee-joint from a rusty rapier, which became so bad that the surgeons advised amputation, was cured in a short time.

A woman, whose upper arm was so bruised by the handle of a draw-well as to be black from the shoulder to the elbow, was cured in a day or two.

A man broke his lower arm, a compound-fracture, the bones being properly placed and tied up, the wound healed in five dressings.

ERRATA.

Page 19, line 20, *for* influence all around him!—on an—*read*, influence on all around him!—An
 — 123 last line, *for* after comes *read*, one he carries —

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 Browne, Printer, Bath,















